

# THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 581.—Vol. XXIII.

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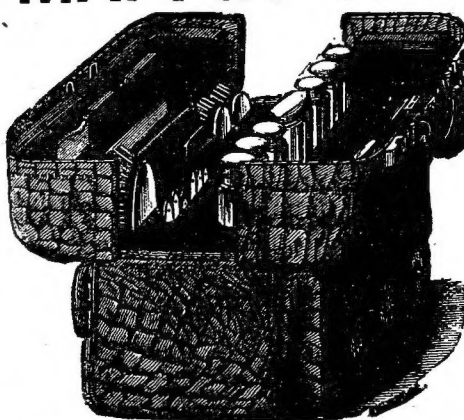
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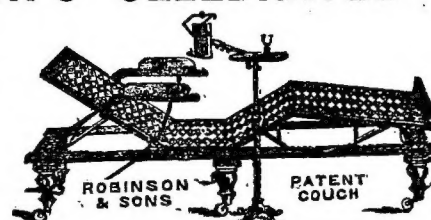
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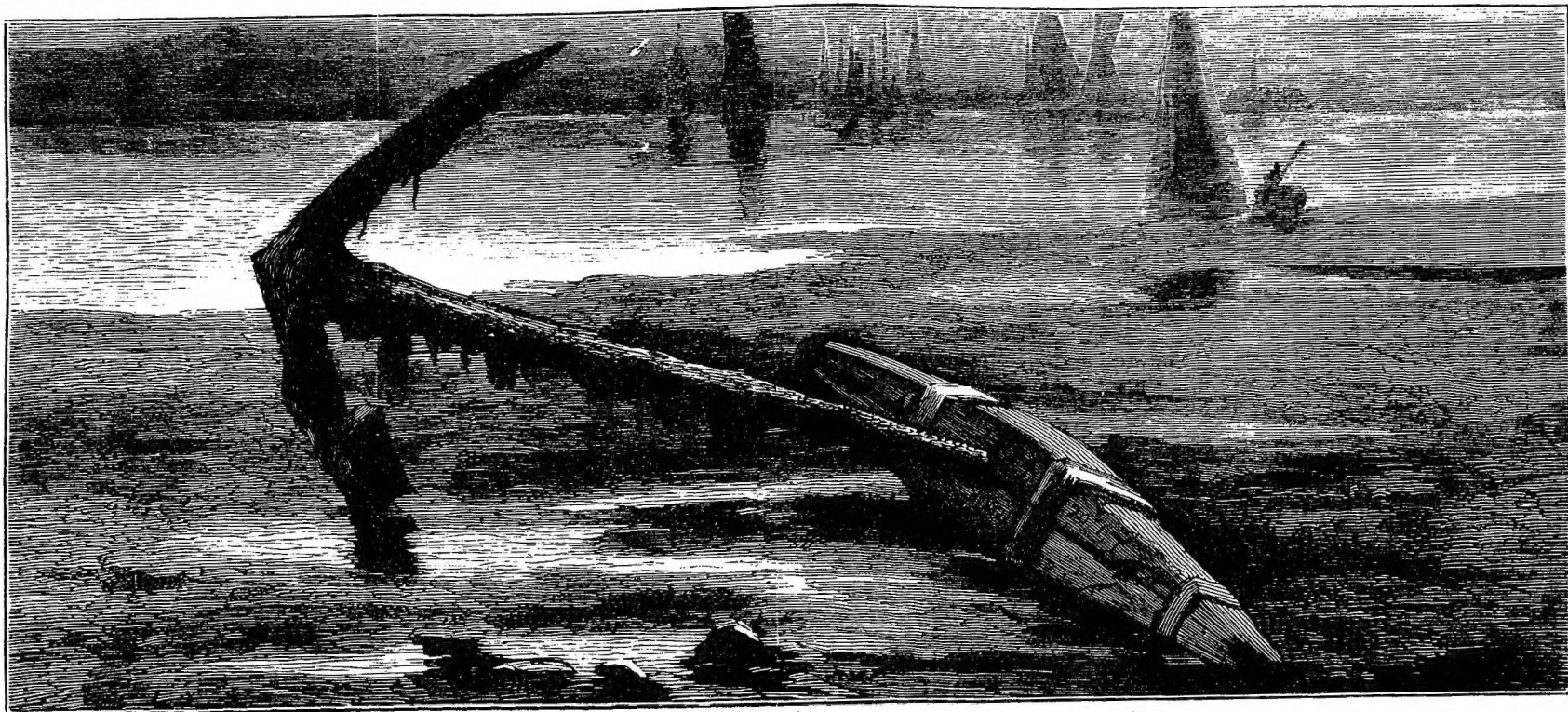
# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

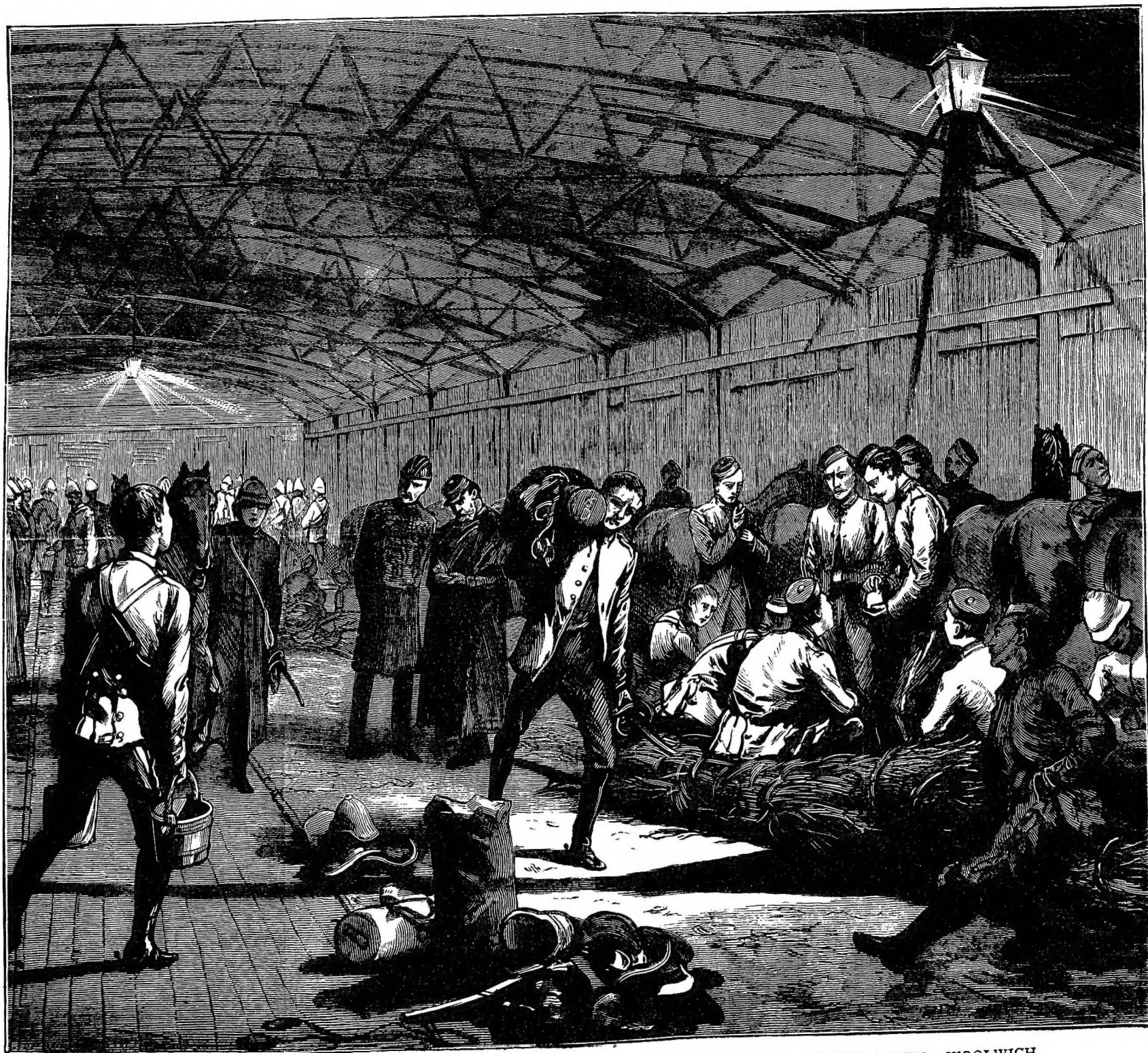
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## Topics of the Week

**THE DEBATE ON THE ADDRESS.**—Some of the speeches delivered during this prolonged discussion have been interesting enough, but they have probably altered nobody's convictions. Those who believe that the sending of threatening letters, maiming cattle, Boycotting, and murder are all venial offences compared with "landlordism," still hold to their beliefs, while those who believe that alterations in the Irish land laws should be preceded by security of life and property equally adhere to their views. The real interest at present centres, not in the oratory, but in the condition of parties in the House of Commons. If all the British Liberals were willing to support Mr. Gladstone in his proposed measures of coercion, he might defy the Land League brigade, even if the Tories stood aloof, instead of loyally supporting him. But the affair does not admit of this easy solution. There is a strong English Radical phalanx which objects to coercion, or at least will only consent to coercion under the bribe of a far more revolutionary Land Bill than the majority of British Liberals are likely to concede. What will be the result? Will the Liberal party split, as it certainly would in such a logical country as France, into two distinct bodies, or will such respectable politicians as Lords Granville, Selborne, and Hartington continue to prostrate themselves before the great brazen image of Radicalism? The outspoken words, however, of the last-named Minister on Tuesday, prove that he at least perceives that there is a point when to yield further becomes a crime. Judging by past experience of English politics, a compromise will be effected, and possibly all the Irish measures will be more or less enfeebled and emasculated for the sake of securing nominal harmony among the Liberals of Great Britain.

**THE FRENCH MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.**—The municipal elections in France usually afford a perfect test of the general state of political feeling, so that the elections which took place last Sunday are naturally regarded by the Republicans as highly encouraging. It is true that the Conservatives gained some unexpected victories; but their successes were few and unimportant compared with those of the dominant party. Still less fortunate were the Socialists, who had very little doubt that they were about to obtain a magnificent success, especially in Paris. The Republicans seem, therefore, to be justified in looking forward with confidence to the result of the general elections in autumn; and it may probably be assumed that if their hopes were fulfilled M. Gambetta would no longer decline to become Prime Minister. The chances are that he would be compelled to abandon the Opportunist policy which he has so long professed, for, although France has at present shown herself opposed to Socialism, it is the extreme section of the Republicans whom she is apparently most disposed to favour. Whether M. Gambetta's real sympathies have been all along with the extreme Republicans it is hard to say; but his action in regard to ecclesiastical matters indicates clearly enough that he would have no great difficulty in persuading himself to submit to their dictation. It would be premature to conclude that he would be able to ignore the Socialists; for, although they have been defeated just now, it must be remembered that they have an exceedingly attractive programme to offer the working classes, and an accident might revive the enthusiasm of the time of the Commune. Besides, if the extreme Republicans, or any section of them, were ever seriously discontented, they would be strongly tempted to damage their opponents by forming an alliance with the Revolutionists.

**CANDAHAR.**—That Lord Lytton has only lately discovered the importance of Candahar, as the Duke of Argyll asserted, is a matter of more interest to the ex-Viceroy than to the public generally. But the question itself of the retention of Candahar is of extreme importance. The present Government hold that the Afghan war was a bad business from beginning to end, and that the sooner we restore the conditions existing before the war—that is, leave the Afghans to manage their own affairs—the better it will be for all parties. England and India will be saved much expenditure of blood and treasure, while the Afghans, if they are left to themselves, may become better friends than they now are. Against this it is alleged that, even allowing the attack upon Shere Ali to have been a terrible blunder, we cannot now restore the *status quo ante bellum*. Semi-barbarous States are usually only held together by the strong arm, and if the strong arm loses its vigour, they often fall to pieces. We struck down the unfortunate Theodore, and ever since Abyssinia has been a prey to anarchy, and has run imminent risk of annexation by the Khedive of Egypt. Is there not a parallel between the two cases? If we leave Afghanistan, with Abdurrahman ruling in the north and Ayoob in the south, are they not almost certain to come into collision, and is there no Egypt on the northern frontier which will gladly take a part in these family jars? Again, the news of the proposed abandonment of Candahar has caused intense excitement in the bazaars of India. The Asiatic mind cannot understand retrogression without defeat. There are plenty of people ready to whisper that the British *Raj* is tottering to its fall. All these considerations should make us ponder very carefully before deciding to turn our soldiers' faces southwards.

**RUSSIAN TRIUMPHS IN CENTRAL ASIA.**—There can be no doubt that the Russians are making rapid progress in their advance towards the Afghan frontier. They seem to have sustained a more or less serious reverse on Christmas Eve near Geok Tepé, but this has been amply compensated by their subsequent victories. The Tekke Turcomans have offered a brave resistance to their invaders, and they may continue to fight even after the fall of their principal stronghold; but they cannot hope to maintain their independence for any considerable time against enemies who are so much better organised and so much more skilful than themselves. Thus one tribe after another falls under the sway of the Czar, and we may hear almost any day that the route to Merv is open to his troops. That he intends to order an attack on Merv in the near future is improbable; but if it is within easy reach he has no occasion to trouble himself about the precise time when it is added to his dominions. All this should suggest some disagreeable reflections to the politicians who used to tell "alarmists" that their fears regarding the growth of Russian power in these distant countries would be removed by a study of large maps. Large maps of Central Asia are at present useful mainly for the purpose of showing how near the Russians have come to points which it was alleged they could never reach. It would be unreasonable to blame Russia for pushing on her conquests; for to a large extent she is unable to help herself. Quarrels with barbarous races on her frontier are inevitable; and when such quarrels lead to war annexation cannot in many cases be avoided. Our own Empire in India was formed in this manner, and we can hardly expect the Russians to be more scrupulous than we were ourselves.

**MR. FROUDE ON IRELAND.**—In the preface to the new edition of his well-known book Mr. Froude is, as usual, a gloomy prophet concerning Ireland. He declares that we must either give her complete independence, or rule her—that is, the three southern provinces—as a Crown Colony. We doubt if the veriest English Radical who has ever thought over the subject would consent to independence. Unless the Protestants agreed to expatriate themselves there would almost certainly be civil war. Perhaps our Radical might say, "So much the better, let them fight it out." But one of two things would happen. If the Celto-Papist element were conquered, the victorious minority would re-establish the same iron supremacy as existed for nearly a century after 1691. If the Teutonic-Protestant element were annihilated (for it would assuredly fight as long as there was a man left) we should have a community close at hand on our Western coasts which in every international complication would take sides against us. Waterford, Dublin, and Belfast would be so many pistols pointed at our heads; in fact, for defensive purposes, we should almost cease, in these days of steam, to be an island. Let us turn to Mr. Froude's other alternative. A benevolent despotism over a dependency may be easily managed when the ruling class in the mother country is a limited class, as it was here till lately. But now that our Government is becoming daily more democratic, there is an increasing repugnance to a despotic sway, even over dark-skinned races, as in India. Public opinion would be very loth to apply it to white men in Ireland. Of course, optimists will say, "Neither of these alternatives is necessary; put an end to all injustice, and the Irish will gradually become loyal and contented." Unfortunately this is just what does not happen. Take the bulk of the Irish M.P.'s, the chosen representatives of the mass of the Irish people. They are far more extreme and anti-English than were the men of forty years ago who followed the lead of O'Connell. Reasons may be assigned for the change, which need not be specified here, but the fact remains, and seems to prove that no concessions which the British Parliament are likely to yield will render Irishmen really loyal. Their chief quarrel with us is the same as that of the Boers, they don't want us in the country at all.

**GERMANY AND THE EAST.**—If there is any truth in the story telegraphed to the *Standard* the other day by its correspondent in Rome, the Greek question may soon enter upon a new and altogether unexpected phase. According to this authority, a Berlin association is about to advance to the Porte 92,000,000 marks in exchange for all the Vakuff property (that is, the lands belonging to the Mosques) and the mines in Macedonia and Thessaly. This arrangement would give Germany important interests in the districts claimed by the Greeks; and it is unlikely that Prince Bismarck would allow these interests to be injuriously affected by sentimental considerations. The information of the correspondent in Rome is that the German Chancellor would use his new powers for the purpose of compelling Greece to submit to a compromise that would be acceptable to the Porte. Whether the story be correct or not, there can be little doubt that it is in accordance with the general tendency of Prince Bismarck's Eastern policy. He would be well pleased to see the frontier of Greece extended; and he was probably not dissatisfied with the arrangements which led to the complete severance of Bulgaria and the partial severance of Eastern Roumelia from Turkish control. But he apparently desires that what remains of the Ottoman Empire shall be upheld, since he foresees that if it were broken up Germany would be menaced by an immense and sudden accession to the power of Russia. This explains his recent activity in the East, and the willingness which has been manifested by the Porte to listen to German advice.

Nothing can ultimately save Turkey if she persistently declines to reform her methods of administration; but it is not absolutely impossible that Prince Bismarck may succeed in convincing her of the necessity of taking "a new departure." The Prussian bureaucrats who have recently been sent to Constantinople are trying hard to evolve order from chaos in the offices in which they are established; and no other body of European officials would be so well fitted for the task.

**SMALL-POX HOSPITALS.**—There are certain businesses, such as the manufacture of artificial manures, which we all feel must be carried on somewhere, but which none of us, unless we are making money by them, like to have under our own noses. Consequently they are, by common consent, banished to unattractive spots, such as the marshy tracts adjacent to the Thames. In like manner Paterfamilias feels that it is a most right and proper thing that when a poor man or a member of his family is seized with small-pox, the patient should be removed from crowded lodgings to a fitting and proper receptacle. Yet the same Paterfamilias would probably object strongly if the aforesaid fitting and proper receptacle were established exactly opposite his drawing-room windows. What are we to do? We can't send all small-pox-ridden Londoners down to the Essex marshes. We know it is declared that the Fever Hospital, though situated in a thickly-peopled part of Islington, has never been proved to have disseminated disease, but the contagion of small-pox may be of a more catching character. If we can trust Mr. Pearson Hill's statistics the Hampstead Small Pox Hospital was a curse to the neighbourhood; and, moreover, he declares that there were more deaths among the patients there than among those who battled with the disease at their own homes. The writer of these lines offers no opinion on the subject one way or other, but he will conclude with a fragment of autobiography. After being vaccinated as usual in infancy, at the age of fourteen he had small-pox. At the age of thirty-four he went to live in Highgate, near the Small Pox Hospital, and, within four months, he had a second attack of small-pox. He trusts he is now case-hardened.

**EVIDENCE BY ARTIFICE.**—A painful impression was produced by the revelations in the trial of Titley as to the methods by which the police sometimes secure evidence against persons whom they suspect to be guilty of criminal practices. They induced Titley to commit an offence by means of elaborately prepared temptations; and he was ultimately convicted in consequence of the proof thus obtained. A portion of the public not unnaturally demanded that the officers who did this should be prosecuted; but Sir William Harcourt was probably justified in refusing to accede to the demand. The police acted on a system which has hitherto been recognised; and, according to their statements, in support of which, however, they were unable to produce any evidence, Titley thoroughly deserved the punishment to which, by means of a stratagem, he was subsequently condemned. Henceforth, however, no such artifices will be permitted without the sanction of the Home Office; and it may be hoped the sanction of the Home Office will be withheld, except in cases in which crime is unquestionably being secretly committed. It is easy to conceive circumstances in which such powers might be frightfully abused; and even when they are used with a good intention their tendency must obviously be to support the notion that the end justifies the means. If the Home Office exercises its authority with discretion, it is possible that the knowledge that in the last resort it will order proceedings of this kind may have a salutary effect on persons who commit the offences for which Titley was convicted; and who, it is to be feared, are far more numerous than is generally believed.

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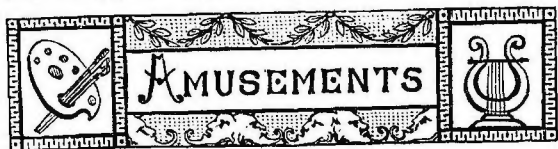
### THE "GRAPHIC" SCHOOL OF ENGRAVING ON WOOD.

—Some years ago a belief prevailed that before long wood-engraving would be superseded by various less costly processes. This belief, without doubt, deterred persons from embarking in a profession which they feared might become obsolete. Experience has shown that these fears were baseless. Wood-engraving holds, and is likely to continue to hold, its own against all competitors. But, meanwhile, there is a great scarcity at the present time of good engravers; and unless a practical effort is made to attract clever students into the profession, the most artistic work will fall into the hands of foreigners. For some time past the Proprietors of THE GRAPHIC have experienced an increasing difficulty in obtaining the assistance of high-class engravers, and they have therefore determined to form a School of Engraving, in which the students will be instructed for a term of five years. No premium will be required; but the candidates will be selected according to the merits of their drawings submitted, and after selection they will still have a fortnight's trial before being definitively accepted. After the first year, the students will be paid a sum (according to progress made) varying from £13 in the second, to £75 in the fifth year. The hours of attendance will be from 9 A.M. until 6 P.M., with an hour allowed for dinner; but students regularly attending evening classes at the Government School of Design will be allowed to leave at 5 P.M. Intending candidates must send in specimens of their drawings, stating whether they are original or copies, also age of candidate, addressed "To the Manager of THE GRAPHIC, 190, Strand, W.C.," and marked Drawings for Competition.



JAN. 15, 1881

NOTICE.—With this number is issued an EXTRA FINE ART SUPPLEMENT, containing the following ENGRAVINGS:—“FOR EVER,” from the picture by Herbert Schmalz; “HIS GRACE,” from the picture by John Pettie, R.A.; and “SUSPENSE,” from the picture by S. E. Waller.



**LYCEUM.**—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING. — THE CUP. THE CORSIKAN BROTHERS. Alfred Tennyson's Tragedy in Two Acts, THE. At 7.45. The Grand Pantomime, VALENTINE AND ORSON. MORNING PERFORMANCES every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday at 2. Doors open at 1.30. Children and Schools admitted at half-price to Morning Performances on payment at the doors only. The celebrated VOKES FAMILY, Master C. Lauri, Mr. J. G. Taylor, Mesdames Maud Howard, Collins, and Julie, Middles. Zauli and Zanfretta, &c. Double Harlequinade. Clowns, Mr. H. Payne and Mr. C. Lauri. Prices from 1s. to 4s. 4s. Box Office open daily from 10 to 5. Seats booked by letter or telegram.

**THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.**—Managers, Messrs. A. and S. GATTI.—EVERY EVENING (Doors open 6.30) at 7. THE LOTTERY TICKET. At 7.45. The Grand Pantomime, VALENTINE AND ORSON. MORNING PERFORMANCES every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday at 2. Doors open at 1.30. Children and Schools admitted at half-price to Morning Performances on payment at the doors only. The celebrated VOKES FAMILY, Master C. Lauri, Mr. J. G. Taylor, Mesdames Maud Howard, Collins, and Julie, Middles. Zauli and Zanfretta, &c. Double Harlequinade. Clowns, Mr. H. Payne and Mr. C. Lauri. Prices from 1s. to 4s. 4s. Box Office open daily from 10 to 5.

**BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.**—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. LANE.—EVERY EVENING (Doors open 6.30) at 7. THE DREAM; or, THE DAUGHTER OF THE KING WITHOUT A KINGDOM. Mrs. S. Lane; Misses. H. Evans, G. Varnold, G. Lewis, G. B. Bigwood, F. Harrington, E. Drayton, T. Hyde. Principal Dancers: Misses Luna and Stella. Harlequinade: Miss A. Mortimer; Messrs. F. Lay, H. Lemaire, and Tom Lovell. Concluding with JENNY WREN. Miss B. Adams; Messrs. J. Reynolds, E. Newbound. MORNING PERFORMANCE on MONDAY, at 1 o'clock.

**NEW GRECIAN THEATRE.**—Sole Proprietor, T. G. CLARK. — EVERY EVENING, at 7. Grand Christmas Pantomime, HARLEQUIN KING FROLIC, by H. Pettitt. Herbert Campbell, Arthur Williams, Monkhouse, Parker, Sennett, &c.; Mesdames Du Maurier, M. Loftus, L. Elliott, Inch, Vernon, and M. A. Victor. J. M. Jones, R. Inch, F. Sims, Wilson, Piero, Poluski.

**BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA-HOUSE.**—Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. NYE CHART.—On MONDAY, January 17, and Every Evening until further notice, the Grand Christmas Pantomime, entitled ALADDIN AND HIS WONDERFUL LAMP.

**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, ST. JAMES'S HALL.**—Conductor, SIR MICHAEL COSTA.—FRIDAY, January 21, Handel's CORONATION ANTHEM, “The King Shall Rejoice,” Cherubini's “Requiem,” and Mendelssohn's “Athalie.” Principal Vocalists: Miss E. Penna, Miss Jessie Jones, Miss Otridge. Reader, Mr. C. Fry. Organist, Mr. Willing. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 7s., 5s., and 2s. 6d., at Society's Offices, 7, John Street, Adelphi; Austin's, St. James's Hall; and principal Music-sellers.

**MR. CARRODUS** will give a Performance on the Violin at ST. JAMES'S HALL on THURSDAY EVENING, Jan. 20. Tickets, 5s., 3s., 1s., of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; Hay's, 26, Old Bond Street, and Royal Exchange Buildings; Keith, Prowse, and Co., Cheap-side; and at Austin's, 28, Piccadilly.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.**—THE MOST NOTEWORTHY AND GENUINE SUCCESS that has been achieved amidst the host of Holiday Amusements. Vide THE TIMES, Telegraph, Standard, Daily News, Morning Post, Echo, Advertiser, Chronicle, Observer, Sunday Times, Lloyd's, News of the World, Era, Weekly Times.

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**DORIS GREAT WORKS, “ECCE HOMO”** (“Full of Divine dignity.”—THE TIMES) and “THE ASCENSION” with “CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM,” “CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM,” and all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. One Shilling.

**SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.—CLOSE SHORTLY.** WINTER EXHIBITION OPEN, from Ten to Five Daily, at the SUFFOLK STREET GALLERIES, Pall Mall East. Admission One Shilling. THOS. ROBERTS, Secretary.

**INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.**—The FIFTEENTH WINTER EXHIBITION is now OPEN, from Ten till Six. Admission 1s.; Catalogue 6d. Gallery, 53, Pall Mall, S.W. H. F. PHILLIPS, Sec.

**ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—THE EXHIBITION** OF WORKS BY THE OLD MASTERS and by DECEASED MASTERS of the BRITISH SCHOOL, including a Collection of Drawings by John Flaxman, R.A., is NOW OPEN. Open from Nine till Six, One Shilling. Catalogues Sixpence, or bound in cloth, with Pencil, One Shilling. Season Tickets, Five Shillings.

**THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.—EXHIBITION OF** WATER COLOUR DRAWINGS, AND DECORATIVE DESIGNS BY LIVING ARTISTS, now OPEN daily, 10 to 6. Admission One Shilling. Season Tickets, Five Shillings.

**ST. JOHN'S WOOD ART SCHOOLS,** 7, ELM TREE ROAD, N.W. Drawing from the Life and Antique Painting from Model and Still Life. Students specially prepared for Royal Academy. (SEVEN SUCCESSFUL AT LAST CHRISTMAS COMPETITION.) Apply to A. A. CALDERON, Esq., Principal.



## A RELIC OF THE FRANKLIN EXPEDITION

AN anchor and chain belonging to the ill-fated *Terror*, which was recently found near the Nore Lightship by a party of Leigh fishermen, has lately been brought to the dockyard at Sheerness, and placed upon the rack, where it may be inspected by the public. A portion of the anchor is much eaten away by rust, but the stock is still in a good state of preservation, the name, *Terror*, and the weight, 20cwt. 1qr. 7lb., being clearly legible thereon. The *Terror* is supposed to have “slipped” it at the Nore, when she started in company with the *Erebus*, upon the Arctic expedition in which Sir John Franklin and so many gallant seamen perished. It is to be preserved as a relic of the ship.

## REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE TRANSVAAL

THE troops sent out from this country to take part in the repression of the Boer rebellion in the Transvaal are now fairly on their way, the *Queen Hankow* and *Ararat* having started from Woolwich on Tuesday, and the *Palmyra* from Portsmouth on the following day. The voyage is expected to occupy about twenty-four days. The 6th Inniskillings had their effective strength made up by volunteers from the 5th Dragoons, and with the men of the 97th Regiment, the total number of troops embarked at Woolwich was 959, of whom 50 are officers. To these must be added the 282 men and 11 officers of the Royal Artillery, Army Hospital Corps, and Army Service Corps, who with guns, ammunition, &c., left Portsmouth in the *Palmyra*, and also the regiments on their way from India,

which, together with those already at the Cape or in Natal, will make up a force of 10,000 officers and men, with 2,500 horses. The embarkation at the Royal Albert Docks, Woolwich, commenced on Sunday, and was continued for some time after nightfall by the aid of numerous electric lights; and again on Monday. The troops and horses arrived by special train, and for a time were sheltered in a gigantic shed, which is said to be capable of accommodating twenty regiments of 1,000 men each. From this building the horses were led one by one to the dockside, whence in rapid succession they were hoisted on board in horse-boxes by means of two huge cranes, and then led to their respective berths, and slung in hammocks, to which novel but by no means uncomfortable treatment they in a few hours appeared to become perfectly reconciled. Most of the animals exhibited some degree of restiveness before leaving *terra firma*, but the short swift passage through mid-air, effectually cowed the most obstinate and untractable. The Duke of Cambridge, Sir Garnet Wolseley, Sir D. Lysons, Admiral A. H. Hoskins, and several other high military and naval officers were present during some portion of the time, and a strict inspection of the three ships was made with perfectly satisfactory results. Each vessel carries eight life boats, and their life buoys are fitted with patent signals which burn with unextinguishable flame on the water, and these serve as a guide to a man overboard as well as to the boat which goes to his rescue. No spectators were allowed in the docks during the embarkation, but when the vessels steamed out on Tuesday morning at intervals of half-an-hour, there was much cheering and exchange of greetings between those on board and the crowd which thronged the adjacent wharves and piers.

## THE BATTLE OF JERSEY

THE Channel Islands, though an appanage of the English Crown ever since the Norman Conquest, evidently belong to France according to the rules of geography, and for this reason, perhaps, the French have on several occasions endeavoured to take violent possession of them. In these attempts, however, they have received no encouragement from the inhabitants, who, although their native tongue is a dialect of Norman French, have always clung closely to the English connection.

The last and most memorable of these attempts took place at the end of 1780, when we were engaged in our unfortunate and inglorious contest with the revolted American colonists, and when the French, less for love of them than for spite against us, took sides with the insurgents. Baron de Rullecourt was the French hero of this enterprise, his expected prize being the promised Governorship of the Island. He lay at wait at Granville, on the Norman coast, and after one or more fruitless attempts managed, under the guidance of a traitorous Jersey pilot, to land in La Roque Bay on the 6th of January, 1781. But even then, out of his force of 1,200 men, 200 (including his drummers and gunners) were drowned, and 300 were unable to gain the shore, owing to the force of the tide. The invaders took possession of a small undefended fort, left some men in charge of it, and then marched to St. Helier's. Now comes the interesting point of the story. The British Lieutenant-Governor, Major Moses Corbet, behaved with singular pusillanimity, and in reply to Rullecourt's peremptory demand, capitulated. Had the other officers been equally faint-hearted the Island of Jersey might at this moment have been a French possession. But Major Pierson, of the 95th Regiment, refused to obey the Governor's orders, and announced his intention of attacking the enemy. Full particulars of the desperate fight which ensued will be found in any Jersey guide-book; it will suffice here to say that brave Major Pierson (he was only twenty-four years old) fell at the beginning of the action mortally wounded in Royal Square. In spite, however, of this loss the French were utterly defeated, many of them were killed, including De Rullecourt, more made prisoners, and a few contrived to get back to France. It is worth noting that John Singleton Copley, who painted the well-known picture of Pierson's death, which we engrave to-day, was the son of an American loyalist, who had to quit America because of his unpopular opinions. The painter was the father of the late Lord Chancellor of England, Lord Lyndhurst.

The centenary of these exciting incidents was celebrated on Thursday (6th inst.) by the people of Jersey. St. Helier's was gay with flags, banners, triumphal arches, and decorations of all kinds, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. Royal Square, where both Major Pierson and Baron de Rullecourt fell, was the centre of attraction. The day's proceedings included parade and inspection of militia, by Major-General Nicholson, the Lieutenant-Governor, a thanksgiving service in the parish church, voting of a loyal address to the Queen by the States Assembly, civic and military banquets, ending with illuminations and fireworks at night. Lord Chelmsford, who is a descendant of the family of Major Pierson, was present at the inspection of troops, and was heartily cheered.

## THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

THIS institution, which is the chief seat of higher agricultural education in this country, was founded in 1845, under the patronage of the late Prince Consort, and a large number of noblemen and gentlemen interested in agriculture. A Royal Charter was granted incorporating the College for “Encouraging and Supporting the Study of Agriculture.” The Prince of Wales is the present Patron, the Duke of Marlborough is the President, and among the Committee of Management are the Earl of Ducie, the Earl Bathurst, Sir M. E. Hicks-Beach, Bart., M.P., Colonel Kingscote, C.B., M.P., and Mr. Sotherton Estcourt, M.P. The College is situated about a mile from the town of Cirencester, on the flank of the Cotswolds. It includes a chapel, dining hall, library, reading-rooms, museums, lecture-theatre, laboratory, class-rooms, studies, and private rooms; and in close proximity are a botanic garden, veterinary hospital, forges, and workshops. The College farm completely surrounds the College, and contains about 500 acres, of which 450 are arable; about twenty acres being exclusively reserved for agricultural experiments. “Practice with Science” is the adopted motto of the Society. The Rev. John B. McClellan is the Principal, and the Staff of instructors includes Professors of Agriculture and Estate Management, Agricultural Law, General and Agricultural Chemistry, Natural History, Mathematics and Physics, Land Surveying and Engineering, Veterinary Science, and Building, besides practical instruction in field work, carpentry, wheelwright work, forge work, and saddlery. Provision is also made for athletic exercise and recreation. There are a gymnasium, fives courts, tennis court, and cricket and football grounds. The College course extends over at least two years, after which students are admitted to the final examination for the diploma which the College by its charter is authorised to confer. The students comprise young men from all parts of the world, those from Great Britain being usually the sons of landed gentlemen and professional men, who desire to qualify themselves either for the duties of country gentlemen or as land agents, or for the colonies. Several officers of the Indian army have, from time to time, spent their furlough there, with a view of qualifying themselves for forest and agricultural appointments in India. Mr. Narayau, a native Indian, gained the diploma of a College at the last examination, and two scholarships of 200l. a year each, tenable for two years, have been recently founded at the College by the Government of Bengal, with a view of promoting agricultural improvement in Bengal, and encouraging the study of scientific agriculture. Among former students of the College are included many who hold important private and public positions in this country, India, and the Colonies, and among the list of Professors there have been many men of eminence in agricultural and scientific circles.

## MOVERS AND SECONDRS OF THE ADDRESS

CHARLES ROBERT, THIRD BARON CARINGTON, the Mover of the Address in the House of Lords, was born in 1843, educated at Eton and Cambridge, entered the Royal Horse Guards in 1865, and succeeded his father in the title in 1868, previous to which he had sat for about three years in the House of Commons as member for Wycombe. In 1875-6 he was aide-de-camp to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and in 1878 he retired from the army and married the Hon. Cecilia Margaret Harbouro, daughter of the 5th Baron Suffield. Lord Carington has since been a captain in the Buckinghamshire Yeomanry Cavalry, of which county he is a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant.

CHARLES ALFRED WORSLEY ANDERSON-PELHAM, EARL OF YARBOROUGH, the Seconder of the Address in the House of Lords, was born in June, 1859, educated at Eton and Cambridge, and succeeded his father in 1875. He is a Lieutenant in the 1st Lincolnshire Light Horse Volunteers.

MR. STUART RENDEL, M.P. for Montgomeryshire, the Mover of the Address in the House of Commons, is a son of the late eminent engineer, Mr. J. Meadows Rendel, F.R.S. He was born in 1834, educated at Eton and Oxford, and called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1861, but has never practised, having joined Sir W. Armstrong's engineering firm, of which he is the London manager. He entered Parliament for the first time at the last general election.

MR. JOHN SLAGG, M.P. for Manchester, the Seconder of the Address, is also a new member. He was born in 1841, being the eldest son of the late Mr. J. Slagg, J.P., of Manchester, where he carries on business as a merchant, and is Vice-President of the local Chamber of Commerce.

Our portraits are from photographs: that of Lord Carington, by W. and D. Downey, 57, Ebury Street, S.W.; the Earl of Yarrowburgh, by Mayall, 224, Regent Street, W.; Mr. Stuart Rendel, by H. S. Mendelssohn, Oxford Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne; and Mr. Slagg, by F. Baum, Victoria Street, Manchester.

## OUR FINE ART SUPPLEMENT

OUR readers are quite clever enough to find out for themselves everything that we can say about these engravings. Our remarks, therefore shall be brief. Mr. Schmalz depicts in a very touching and affecting manner an incident which is by no means uncommon amid the changes and chances of this mortal life, where one of a pair of affianced lovers is sick unto death. Here the youth has been beguiling with music the weary minutes of pain and weakness, while the loving invalid, placing one hand in his, and laying the other on his forehead, reminds him that, though soon they will be parted for a while by the narrow stream of Death, her love will not cease, but will endure “for ever.”—“His Grace” is an admirable example of Mr. Pettie's work, quite Meissonier-like in the accuracy of its delineation. The costume is that of the fascinating Vandeyck period, a costume to which, doubtless, the “Martyr Monarch” owes a good deal of his perennial popularity with the fair sex. The gentleman here depicted was probably a busy actor in the stirring scenes of the Civil War.—In “Suspense” Mr. Waller has found—as he usually manages to find—a capital subject for a picture. There is a touch of humour—a mingling of comedy and pathos—in the contrast between the patient, uninterested quadrupeds, and the eager attitude of the biped as he watches the progress of a combat where blood is almost certain to be shed, and perhaps with deadly result.

## “THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET”

A NEW STORY by Messrs. Besant and Rice, illustrated by Mr. Charles Green, is continued on page 57.

## WRESTLING ON HORSEBACK IN THE TRANSVAAL

THIS equestrian wrestling match took place during some military athletic sports at Pretoria, in the Transvaal, in January last, before Sir Garnet Wolseley and his Staff. The contending sides were selected from the Royal Artillery and the Dragoon Guards respectively, each wearing a distinctive badge. The horses were bare-backed, and, as may be imagined, there was plenty of rough tumbling. After the encounter had lasted ten minutes, a halt was called, and those who remained unhorsed from each side were counted—that with the least of its men dismounted being declared the winner.

## NEW BUILDINGS AT HONG-KONG

LORD BEACONSFIELD, although removed from office by the adverse vote of the constituencies last year, has still many staunch adherents both here and in all parts of the world. But perhaps he has no more enthusiastic admirer than Mr. Bellios, a public-spirited citizen of Hong-Kong, who not long since gave 1,000l. for the erection of a statue of his hero in that city. But as his lordship said that he would prefer not appearing in marble or bronze during his lifetime, the money has been spent in founding scholarships.

Some two years ago there was a great fire in Hong-Kong, and this disaster had the effect of increasing the demand for foreign-built houses. Taking advantage of this demand, Mr. Bellios has erected a row of houses in the Queen's Road, which he has named Beaconsfield Arcade, and which are admirably adapted to the climate of the tropics. The houses are three-storied, and have a spacious verandah extending over the public pathway. Each shop-front is filled in with polished plate glass, while the storey above is ornamented with a handsome iron balcony.

Our other engraving shows St. John's Cathedral (Protestant) and the private Hong of the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, formerly the residence of the Russian Consul, but now called Beaconsfield Lodge. Below is the Parade Ground, with Her Majesty's 10th Regiment on parade. In the distance are the Victoria Hills.

## ITALIAN MISSION SCHOOL TREAT

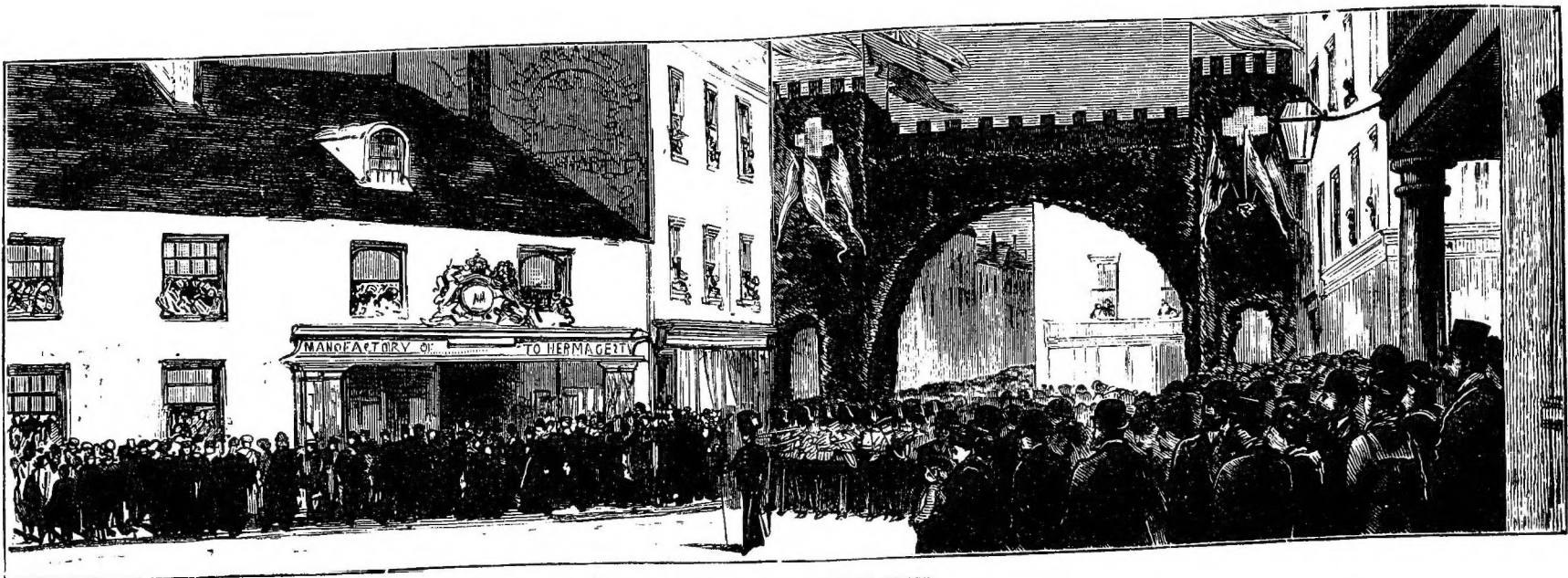
EVERY Londoner knows that there is an extensive Italian colony settled in the neighbourhood of Hatton Garden. Those from the North are a hardy industrious race, and among them will be found many labourers, masons, and cabinet-makers. The Neapolitans are less given to hard work, and the organ-grinders, ice-sellers, and artists' models are chiefly to be found among these Southern Italians.

Dr. Passalenti, formerly a clergyman in Italy, but now holding a license from the Bishop of London, has established a Mission among his countrymen. He holds a service in St. Thomas's, an old City church, between Chancery and Fetter Lanes, using the English Church Service translated into Italian. He gathers together a very attentive congregation of dark-eyed, brown-faced people, and being lovers of music they sing the hymns especially well. Then there is a school at which a sound plain education is afforded to upwards of sixty children, who learn both Italian and English. On Friday evenings there is a Mission Service held in the schoolroom, when many Italian adults attend; and there is also a Mothers' Meeting.

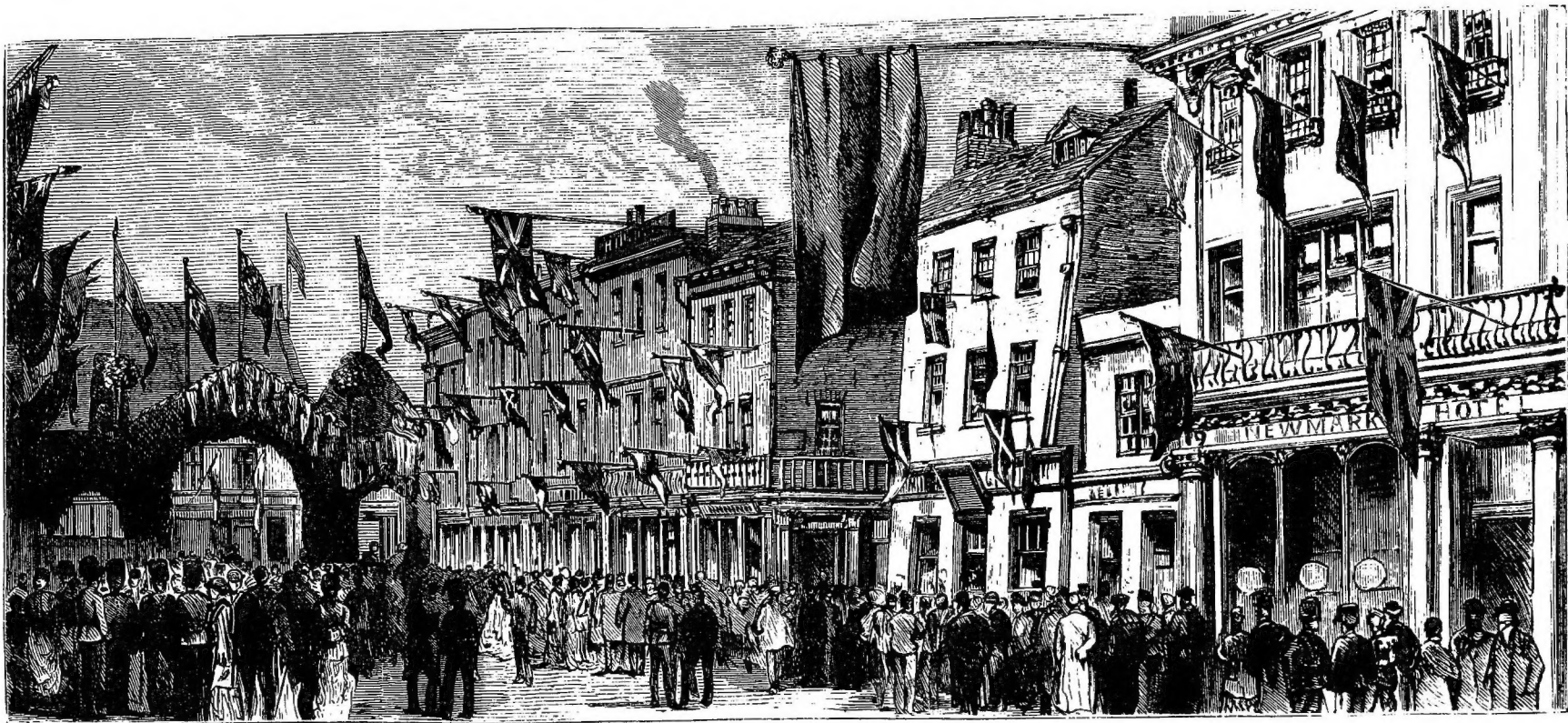
Our engraving represents the school treat, which is thus described in a letter from Dr. Passalenti himself:—

“Yes, we had the treat at the School Room, Onslow Street, Farringdon Road, E.C., more than 150 sitting at the table. The ladies waited. The Queen of the Feast was Lady Bryan's child, the President of the meeting Admiral Fishbourne. Many gentlemen addressed the crowd, there were more than sixty lady visitors, and more than 250 Italians at the addresses. The children (67 in number) sang beautifully, and the gigantic tree was the admiration of

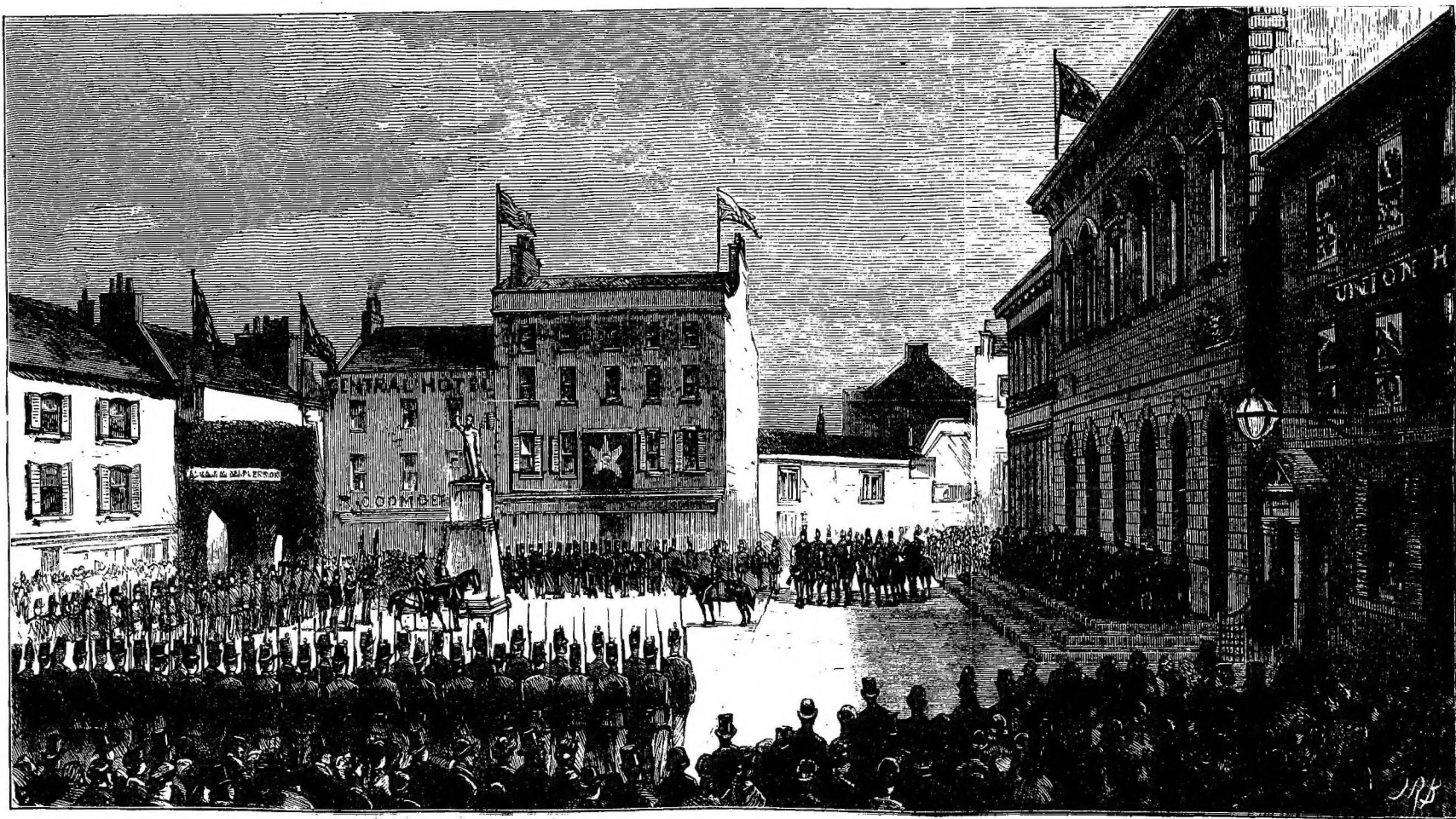




THE PROCESSION AT CHARING CROSS



THE PROCESSION IN BERESFORD STREET



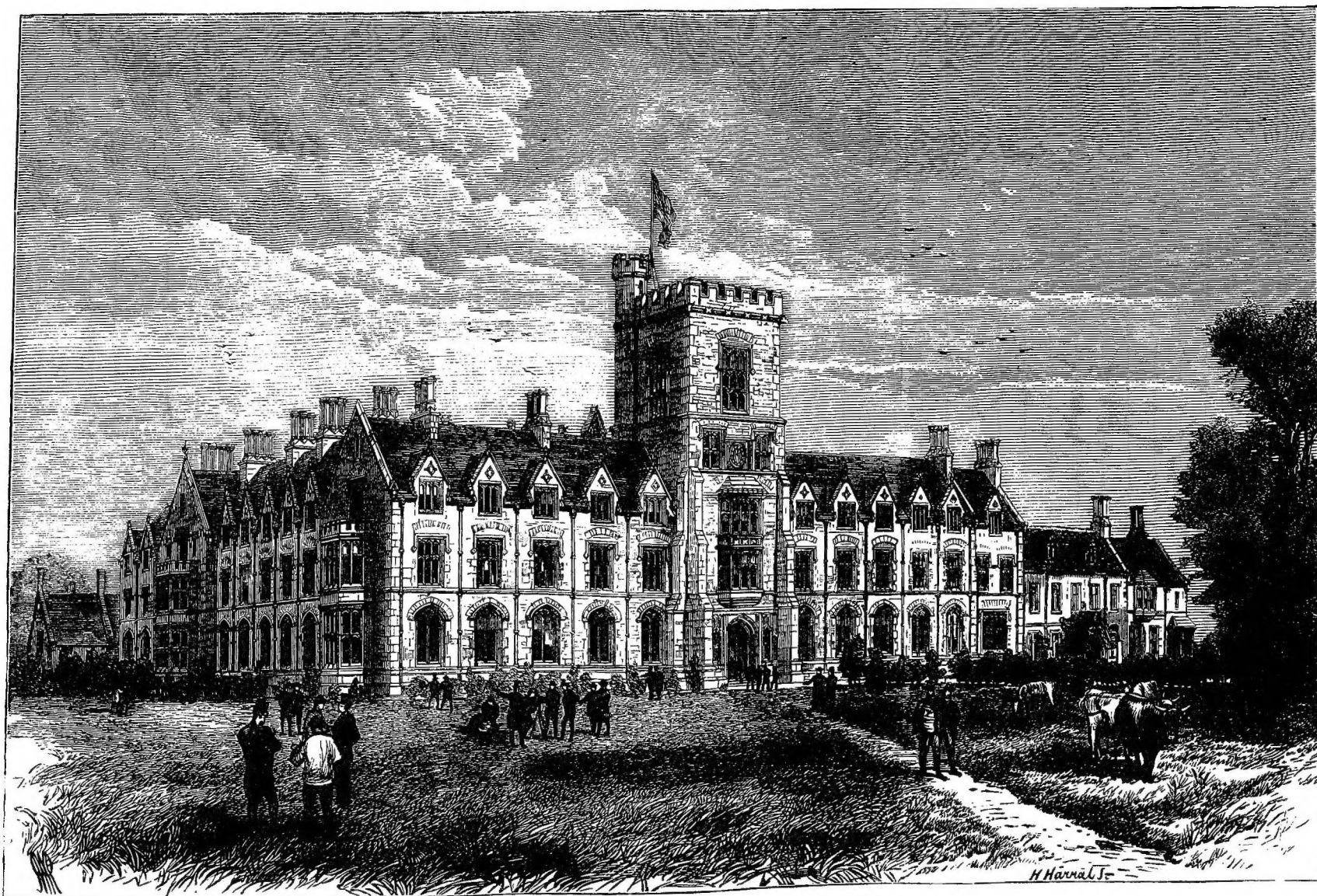
PARADE OF TROOPS IN ROYAL SQUARE

CENTENARY OF THE BATTLE OF JERSEY—FÊTES AT ST. HELIER'S





CENTENARY OF THE BATTLE OF JERSEY—"THE DEATH OF MAJOR PIERSON"  
FROM THE PICTURE BY JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY



THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, CIRENCESTER—SOUTH FRONT



We may add that the Mission is urgently in need of funds, and that contributions will be thankfully received by Dr. Passalenti, 7, John Street, Bedford Row, W.C.

## AFGHANISTAN

The Durbar, at which the Khan was presented with a magnificent diamond ring and other valuable presents, forms the subject of our sketches. The Durbar was held in the mess house of the Sind Horse Brigade. At one end of the room the Viceroy, seated on a raised throne, with the Khan and his two sons on his right, and a number of British officers on each side of him, formed a very bright contrast to the semicircle of Belooch and Pathan chiefs who sat at the other, dressed in flowing white, or what was meant to be white garments, with their long black hair hanging down on each side of their faces almost to their waists. Besides the presents to the Khan, others were also given to the principal chiefs.

In concluding his speech to the assembled chiefs the Viceroy thanked them for the careful way in which they had guarded our convoys during the war. One or two of the long-haired gentlemen present had, so it is generally supposed, kept a very careful look-out after the convoys, as depicted in one of our sketches.

## A COMMUNISTS' MEETING IN PARIS

## AN ARREST OF STUDENTS AT MOSCOW

## AN ARREST OF STUDENTS AT MOSCOW



week eleven men were arrested on a similar charge, and bail refused. According to Parliamentary Papers just issued by the Royal Irish Constabulary, it appears that during last year personal police protection was afforded to 153 persons, whilst 1,149 were being specially watched over to protect them from outrage; 2,110 families, comprising 10,657 persons, were evicted; but of these 1,021 persons were re-admitted as tenants, and 4,996 as care-takers, so that those absolutely ejected numbered 946 families and 4,640 persons. The number of agrarian outrages reported to the Royal Irish Constabulary Office, including offences against the person, against property, and against the public peace, was 2,599. Accounts of fresh outrages are still coming in from various districts, Boycottings being decidedly on the increase in spite of the efforts of the police to prevent it, and of many persons having been prosecuted for indulging in the practice. In several places the police have been fired at, and at Roundstone, Connemara, the High Constable was on Monday last attacked by a mob, against whom he had to protect himself with a revolver. On Wednesday the mail car between Limerick and Tralee was stopped and the mail bags rifled by a party of men, whose supposed object was to obtain possession of some official documents. A Property Defence Association has been started in Dublin for the protection of persons molested by the Land League. The Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland has also formed an Emergency Committee, for the purpose of protecting loyal subjects against the Land League.—The Archbishop of Dublin has received a letter from the Pope, addressed to the Irish Roman Catholic clergy, expressing deep concern at the unhappy condition of the country, and urging them to direct their efforts towards preventing the people from transgressing the bounds of equity and justice. The Archbishop himself adds a postscript, to the effect that he is unwilling to believe that the Government will deal with the Land Question in a half-hearted way, for "health and security can never be restored unless the cancer which has been eating away the life of the nation be cut out to its last fibre."—Mr. Gladstone, replying to a deputation of Irish M.P.'s on Wednesday, said that the Queen's Speech must not be taken as indicating the lines of intended legislation, but merely the subjects to be dealt with. He declined to discuss the question of weak or strong measures, but he would certainly not knowingly join in proposing an ineffective one.

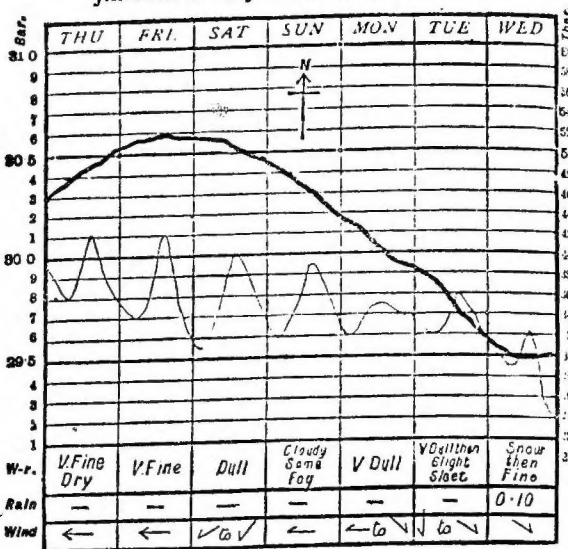
EARL SYDNEY was on Tuesday presented with the freedom of the Tin Plate Workers' and Wire Workers' Company, at the Mansion House, and in returning thanks said that, notwithstanding what might have been stated elsewhere, he believed that the funds of those great societies had been administered with liberality and justice for the benefit of the trades for which they were instituted, and of the decayed liverymen who were members.

ALLEGED SEDITIOUS PLOTS continue to be rumoured from various parts of the Kingdom, but there appears to be very little foundation for any of them. An accidental fire at the Custom House, happily confined to a waste-paper basket and a few inches of wainscoting, and which was extinguished in a few minutes, has been magnified into an attempt to destroy the entire building ; Chester Castle has been the scene of extraordinary precautions against a possible Fenian attack, the windows being boarded up, the garrison increased, and double sentries placed on duty. The details of the alleged Nihilist plot against the Czar of Russia as given by Mr. Hutchinson are sensational enough, though somewhat stale, but they need excite little alarm, especially as it has since been stated that the information is anonymous, Hutchinson being only an assumed name.

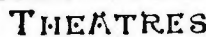
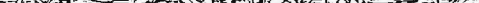
SEVERAL WRECKS, some of them fatal, have occurred during the week at different places on the coast. One of the

A NATIONAL MINERS' CONFERENCE, attended by delegates representing about 300,000 miners, was opened at Manchester on Monday, and continued on Tuesday and Wednesday. Messrs. Burt and Macdonald, who were the chief speakers, condemned contracting out of the Employers' Liability Act as "an unholy compact of murder and slaughter." Reports were received from the various districts, stating in nearly every case that the men were averse to "contracting out." At Farnworth, on Tuesday, a mass meeting of 15,000 miners

JANUARY 6 TO JANUARY 12 (INCLUSIVE).



REMARKS.—The weather at the commencement of this week was being influenced by a large area of high pressure which lay over the north and north-



THE management of the *ST. JAMES'S Theatre* have determined to place their reliance on an English piece by an English author, who does not borrow from foreign or other sources; and the result, we are glad to say, is a practical success. Mr. Pinero's two-act drama, called *The Money Spinner*, brought out at this house on Saturday evening, is not a work of any high literary merit. Its story, which shows us a lady—and this lady the heroine of the piece—cheating a cast-off lover at cards, with the object of enabling her husband, a clerk in a factory at Rouen, to replace a sum of ten thousand francs which he has embezzled, is anything but a pleasing one. It may be truly said that, as sin is the great source of human suffering, the pathetic drama cannot dispense with the exhibition of disagreeable incidents; but this is not a question of whether offences against the law afford appropriate material for the dramatist's purposes, but rather of the mode in which Mr. Pinero employs such elements. There is throughout the piece a tendency—no doubt unintentional on the author's part—to extenuate grave misdeeds, and even to invest them with that dangerous sort of sentiment which flourished on our stage in the early part of the present century, when German melodrama and "sensitivity" were much in fashion. It is "sensitivity," even filial piety, which has induced the newly-married clerk to rob his employer; and, as for his wife, her attempt to win money, first by fair, and then by unfair, means from the man whose love she had rejected, even extorts a compliment from the "sensitivity" of her victim when he learns the cause. On this the latter gentleman, called Lord Kengussie, not only condones the attempt upon his purse, and generously furnishes the required cash, but bribes to silence a detective officer who had been employed to discover, and had actually discovered, the defalcations; while the young clerk, represented by Mr. Clayton, is reduced to the position—pitiable, indeed, for a man of "sensitivity"—of being thankful to accept this aid from the man whom his wife had jilted and then endeavoured to plunder for his sake. The case is certainly not improved by the circumstance that Mrs. Boycott (such is the heroine's name) is the daughter of a swinelling old gaming-house keeper, calling himself the "Baron" Croodle, and that her *sobriquet* of "the money-spinner" has been acquired in earlier days by reason of an extraordinary success at cards, which must, one would imagine, have excited grave suspicions among the frequenters of her disreputable father's establishment. Nor are matters mended by the fact that the soft Lord Kengussie, undaunted by all these vicious surroundings, is determined to marry Mrs. Boycott's younger sister, apparently on some such impulse as that which prompts the rejected suitor in one of Mr. Boucicault's dramas to exclaim, "Och! why weren't ye born twins now, that I might marry one of ye;" for the nobleman has confessed that he has no great regard for the younger lady, who is, moreover, a person of pert manners, much given to the use of slang words and phrases. To represent Mr. Pinero's play as a work of sterling value would be certainly incorrect; and it is to be hoped that this promising young dramatist will turn aside from flatterers, and direct his attention more closely to the legitimate conditions of success on the stage. He has clearly a sense of character, and a power of giving individuality to his personages; and over and above this, his dialogue, though a little artificial, is free from the redundancy which generally betrays the inexperienced hand. He has, moreover, a certain amount of dramatic instinct enabling him to bring his situations skillfully to a climax. It is to these qualities, and above all to the acting, that the favour with which *The Money Spinner* was received must be attributed. Mrs. Kendal's acting in the difficult part of Mrs. Boycott is remarkably truthful throughout. In the scene wherein she kneels to her old lover, confesses, and implores pardon for her baseness, it is really powerfully pathetic. Next in importance to this, among the redeeming features of the performance, is Mr. Hare's impersonation of the seedy, shifty, tipping "Baron," with his half-unconscious cant, his love of the brandy-flask, his lack not only of shame and personal dignity, but of









LORD CHARLES ROBERT CARINGTON (MOVER IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS)



THE EARL OF YARBOROUGH (SECONDER IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS)

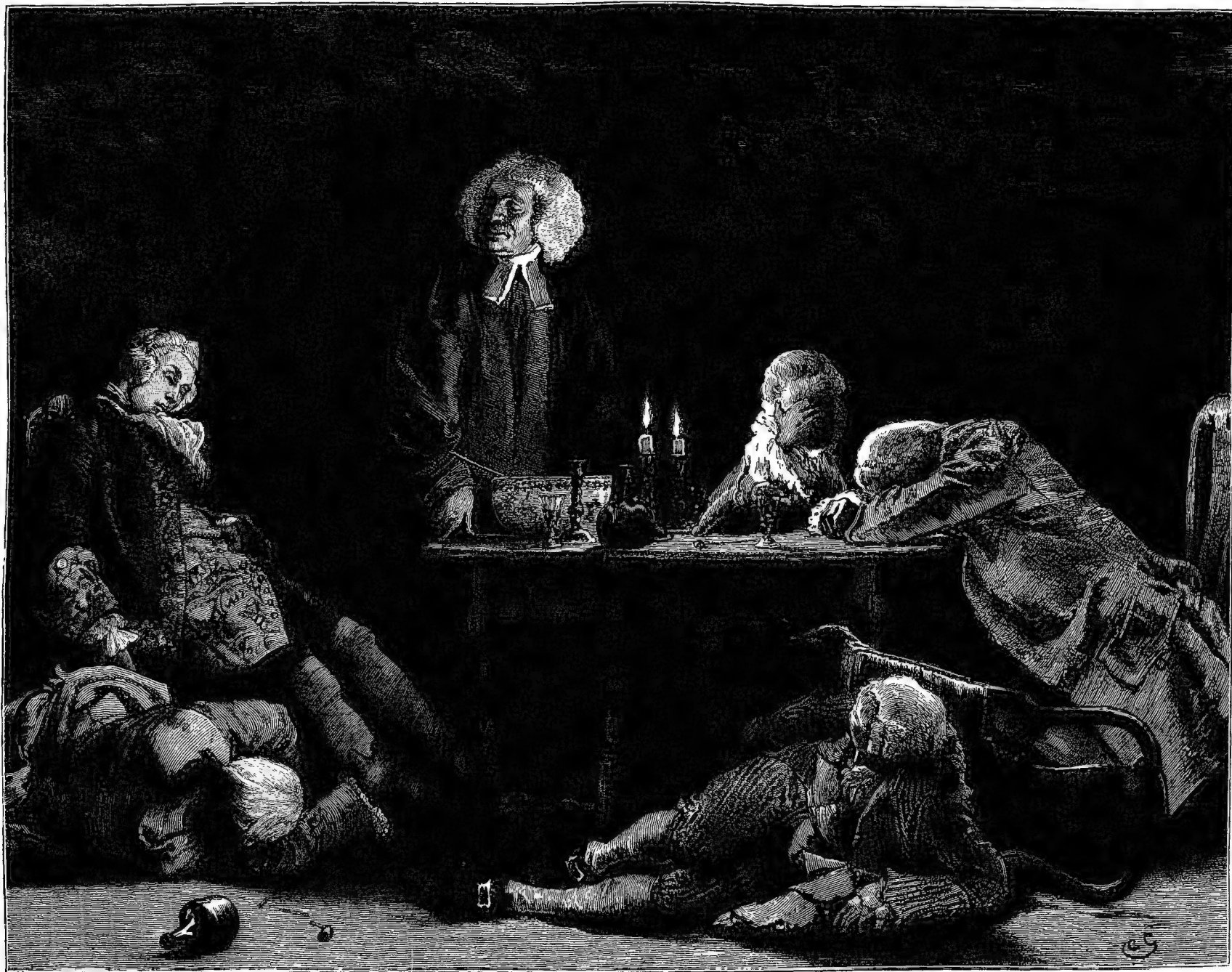


MR. STUART RENDEL (MOVER IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS)



MR. JOHN SLAGG (SECONDER IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS)





DRAWN BY CHARLES GREEN

"Gentlemen, I perceive that I have been for some time talking to a sleeping audience."

## THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "BY CELIA'S ARBOUR," "THE MONKS OF THELEMA," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER X.

#### HOW THE DOCTOR WAS AT HOME TO HIS FRIENDS

If it be true (which doubtless will be denied by no one) that women are fond of changing their fashions and of pranking themselves continually in some new finery, it is certainly no less true that men—I mean young ones—are for ever changing their follies as well as their fashions. The follies of old men—who ought to be grave, in contemplation of the next world—seem to remain the same; some of them practise gluttony; some love the bottle; some of them the green table; some, even more foolish, pretend to renew their youth and counterfeit a passion for our sex. As for the fashions of the young men, one year it is the cocking of a hat, the next is the colour of a waistcoat, the cut of a skirt, the dressing of a wig, the ribbon behind must be lengthened or reduced, the foretop must stick up like a horn one year and lie flat the next, the curls must be amplified till a man looks like a monstrous ram, or reduced till he resembles a monkey who has been shaved; the sword must have hilt and scabbard of the fashionable shape, which changes every year; it must be worn at a certain angle; the rule about the breadth of the ruffle or the length of the skirt must be observed. So that, even as regards their fashions, the men are even with the women. Where we cannot vie with them is in the fashion of the amusements, in which they change for ever, and more rapidly than we change the colour of a ribbon. One season Ranelagh is the vogue, the next Vauxhall; the men were, for a year or two, bitten by the strange madness of scouring the streets by night, upsetting constables, throwing pence against window-panes, chasing belated and peaceful passengers, shouting and bellowing, waking from sleep timid and helpless women and children. Could one devise a braver and more noble amusement? Another time there was the mischievous practice of man-hunting. It was thought the work of a fine fellow, a lad of spirit, to lie hidden, with other lads of spirit, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, or some such quiet place, behind the bushes, until there might pass by some unfortunate wretch, alone and unprotected. Then would they spring to their feet, shouting, "That's he! that's he! after him, boys!" and pursue the poor man through the streets with drawn swords and horrid cries, until, half dead, he rushed into some tavern or place of refuge. As for actors, singers, or dancers, they take them up for a season and then abandon them for no merit or fault in them whatever; one day they are all for Church, and the next they applaud Orator Henley; one day they shout for Nancy Dawson, and the next for Garrick; one day they are Whig and the next Tory; one year they brandish thick clubs, wear heavy greatcoats with triple capes, swear, drink porter,

and go like common coachmen; the next, with amber canes, scented gloves, laced ruffles, flowered silk waistcoats, skirts extended like a woman's hooped petticoat, they amble along as if the common air was too coarse for them, mince their words, are shocked at coarse language, and can drink nothing less fine than Rhenish or Champagne, though the latter be seven shillings and sixpence a flask; and as for their walk, they go on tip-toe like a City madam trying to look like a gentlewoman. The next year, again, they are all for Hockley-in-the-Hole and bear-baiting. This year, the fashion was for a short space, and among such as could get taken there, to spend the evenings in the Rules of the Fleet where, the bloods of the town had discovered, was to be found excellent company for such as liked to pay for it, among those who had been spent and ruined in the service of fashion, gaming, and gallantry.

There are plenty of taverns and houses of call in London where a gentleman may not only call for what he pleases to order, but may also be diverted by the jests and songs of some debauched, idle fellow who lies and lops about all day, doing no work and earning no money, but in the evening is ready to sing and make merriment for a bowl of punch. This rollicking, roaring blade, the lad of mettle, was once a gentleman, perhaps, or a companion to gentlemen. To him nature, intending her worst, hath given a reckless temperament, an improvident brain, a merry laugh, a musical voice, a genius for mimicry, of which gifts he makes such excellent use that they generally lead him to end his days in such a position. Men need not, for certain, go to Fleet Market to find these buffoons.

Yet, within the Rules, there was an extraordinary number of these careless vagabonds always ready to enjoy the present hour could some friend be found to pay the shot. In the morning they roamed the place, leaned against the bulkheads, sat in doorways, or hid themselves within doors, dejected, repentant, full of gloomy anticipations; in the evening their old courage came back to them, they were again jocund, light-hearted, the oracle of the tavern, the jester and Jack-pudding of the feast, pouring out songs from the collections of Tom D'Urfey, and jokes from Browne and Ned Ward.

Many of the taverns—the Bishop Blaize, for example, and the Rainbow—kept one or two of these fellows in their regular employ. They gave them dinner, with, as soon as the guests arrived in the evening, liberty to call for what they pleased. If the visitors treated them, so much the better for the house; but there were, however, conditions, unwritten but understood: they were never to be sad, never grave, never to show the least signs of repentance, reflection, or shame; and they were not to get drunk

early in the evening, or before the better sort of visitors, whose entertainment they were to provide. Shameful condition! shameful servitude, for a man (who hath a soul to think of) to obey!

One has to confess with shame that among the tavern buffoons, the professional Tom Fools of the Fleet, were several of those clergymen whose trade it was to make rash couples wretched for life. This peculiarity, not to be found elsewhere, provided, perhaps, a novelty in vice which for a time made the Rules a favourite resort for men about town: the knowledge that the man who without a rag left of the gravity belonging to his profession, laughed, sang, and acted for the amusement of all comers, should have borne himself as a grave and reverend divine, gave point to his jest and added music to his song. It is not every day that one sees a merry-andrew in full-bottomed wig, bands, and flowing gown; it is not in every tavern that one finds the Reverend James Lands dancing a hornpipe in clogs, or the Reverend William Flood bawling a comic song while he grins through a horse-collar. Nor could the wits find at the coffee-houses of St. James's or Covent Garden, or at any ordinary place of amusement, a clergyman at the head of the table ruffling it with the best—albeit with tattered gown and shabby wig—ready with jest more profane, wit more irreverent, song and story more profligate, than any of the rest.

As for Dr. Shovel, it must not be supposed that he was to be found in any of these places.

"What!" he was wont to cry, "should a man of reputation, a scholar whose Latin verses have been the delight of bishops and the pride of his college, a clergyman of dignity and eloquence, condescend to take the pay of a common vintner, make merriment for the company of a mughouse, hobnob with a tradesmen's club, play buffoon for a troop of Templars, and crack jests for any ragamuffin apprentice with half-a-crown to call for a bottle? No, sir! The man who would know Dr. Gregory Shovel must seek him in his own house, where, as a gentleman and a scholar, he receives such as may be properly introduced on every night of the year, Sundays excepted, when he takes his drink, for the most part, alone."

In fact, his house was the chief attraction of the Rules, but access was only granted to those who were brought by his friends. Once introduced, however, a man was free of the house, and might not only come again as often as he pleased, but bring other friends. Now, as men prize most that which is least easy to procure, whether they want it or not, it became a distinction to have this right of spending the evening in the Fleet Market. A fine distinction, truly!

Those, however, who went there were not unlikely to find themselves among a goodly assemblage of wits and men of fashion. The doctor played the host with the dignity of a bishop, and the



hospitality of a nobleman; chairs were set around the table, in that room where he performed his daily marriages; those who came late could stand or send for a bench from the market; Roger and William, the two clerks, were in attendance to go and fetch the punch which the doctor or his guests provided for the entertainment of all. Tobacco was on the table; the doctor was in the chair, his long pipe in his mouth, his great head leaning back, his eyes rolling as he talked, before him his glass of punch. He was no buffoon; he did not cut capers, nor did he dance, nor did he sing Tom D'Urfey's songs, nor did he quote Ned Ward's jokes. If the company laughed, it was at one of his own stories, and when he sang, the words were such as might have been heard in any gentlewoman's parlour, and the music was Arne's, Bull's, Lilly's, or Carey's. Round him were poets, authors, scholars, lawyers, country gentlemen, and even grave merchants; some of them were out at elbows, threadbare, and sometimes hungry, but they were as welcome as the richer sort who paid for the punch. The younger men came to listen to one who was notorious for his impudent defiance of the law, and was reported to possess excellent gifts of conversation and of manner. The elder men came to look upon a man unabashed in his disgrace, whom they had known the favourite of the town.

"All the world," Sir Miles Lackington told me, "ran after Dr. Shovel when he was a young man and evening lecturer at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields; never was clergyman more popular in the world or in the pulpit; what was to be looked for when such a young man spent his morning with great ladies, who cried, 'Oh, sweet sir! oh, reverend sir! how eloquent! how gracious are your words!' but that he should see within reach promise of preferment, and run into debt to maintain a fine appearance and a fine lodging?"

The fine ladies had gone off after other favourite divines; their promises were forgotten; they had listened to other voices as musical, and bowed their heads before other divines as pious. The debts were unpaid—the doctor in the Rules. He possessed no longer the wonderful comeliness with which he had stolen away the hearts of women, he preached no more in any pulpit; but his old dignity was left, with his eloquence and his wit. He who had charmed women now attracted men.

"Fie!" he would say; "remind me not of that time. I was once the pet and plaything of ladies, a sort of lapdog to be carried in their coaches: a lackey in a cassock, with my little store of compliments, pretty sayings, and polite maxims; my advice on patches, powder, and Eau de Chypre: my family prayers: my grace before meat: my sermons on divine right and the authority of the Church: and my anecdotes to make my lady laugh and take the cross looks out of little miss's dimpled cheeks. And, gentlemen, withal a needy curate, a poor starveling, a pauper with never a guinea, and a troop of debts which would not disgrace a peer."

"Whereas," he would continue, "here I live free of duns and debt: the countesses may go hang: I look for no more patrons: I expect no beggarly preferment; I laugh at my ease, while my creditors bark but cannot bite."

To those who objected that in former times he preached to the flock, and that his eloquence was now as good as lost to the Church, he replied that, as Chaplain of the Fleet, he preached daily, whereas formerly he had preached but once a week, which was a clear gain for righteousness.

"What! would you have me send forth my newly-married lambs without a word of exhortation, beyond the rubric? Nay, sir; that were to throw away the gift of speech, and to lose a golden occasion. None leave my chapel-of-ease unless fortified and exhorted to virtue by such an admonition as they have never before enjoyed."

One evening in October, when the summer was over and the autumn already set in, the doctor sat as usual in his arm-chair. Before him stood his tobacco-box, and beside it lay his pipe. As yet, for it was but eight o'clock, there was no punch. Four great wax candles stood lighted on the table, and in the doorway were the two impudent varlets, whom he called his clerks, leaning against the posts, one on either hand.

There was but one visitor as yet. He was a young Templar, almost a boy, pale and thin because of his late hours and his excesses. And the doctor was admonishing him, being at the time in a mood of repentance, or rather of virtue:—

"Young man," he said, "I have observed thee, and made inquiry among thy friends regarding thy conduct, which resembles, at present, that of the prodigal son while revelling in his prodigality. Learn from this place, and the wretches who are condemned to live in it, the end of profligacy. What the words of Solomon have hitherto been powerless to teach, let the Chaplain of the Fleet enforce. The wellspring of wisdom is as a flowing brook, says the Wise Man. Yet ye drink not of that stream. Also he saith that Wisdom crieth at the gates at the entry of the city. But ye regard not. He hath told ye how the young man, void of understanding, falls continually into the pit of destruction. But ye heed not. The drunkard and the glutton, he hath declared, shall come to poverty. Ye listen not, but continue to eat and drink. Wherefore, young man, look around thee and behold this place. We who are here sit among wine-bibbers and spendthrifts: we have not in our comings and goings—but, alas! we never go—any gracious paths of pleasantness: we go never among the meadows to breathe the air of buttercups and to ponder on the divine wisdom: we listen perpetually to the cackle of fools, the braying of asses, whom we indeed wish to be wild and on their native Asiatic plains; and the meriment of madmen, which is like unto the crackling of thorns beneath the pot: we have—though our sins are multitudinous as the moments—no time nor opportunity for repentance: and even if we did repent, there is no way out for us, no escape at all, but still we must remain among the wicked until we die. Even the Christian priest, who finds himself (through thoughtlessness over money matters, being continually occupied with higher things) brought hither, must leave the ways which are right, and cleave unto those which are wrong. It is only by lying, bullying, and swearing, that money (by which we live) is drawn here out of the purses of silly and unwary people. Granted that we draw it. What boots it if one's rogues bring in a hundred couples in a month? The guineas melt away like snow in the sunshine, and nothing remains but the evil memory of the sins by which they were gotten."

The Templar, astonished at such a sermon from such a man, hung his head abashed. He came to drink and be merry, and lo! an exhortation to virtue. While the doctor was yet speaking, there came a second visitor—no other than Mr. Stallabras, the poet, who came, his head erect, his hand thrust in his bosom, as if fresh from an interview with the Muses. The doctor regarded him for a moment, as one in a pulpit might regard a late-comer who disturbed his sermon, and went on with his discourse:

"This is a place, young man, where gnashing of teeth may be heard day and night by him who has ears to hear, and who knows that the sounds of riot and meriment are but raised to drown despair: to him every song is a throb of agony, every jest rings in his ears like a cry of remorse: we are in a prison, though we seem to be free; we are laid by the heels, though we are said to enjoy the Liberties of the Fleet; we live and breathe like our fellows, but we have no hope for the rest of our lives; we go not forth, though the doors are open; we are living monuments, that foolish youth may learn by our luckless fate to avoid the courses which have brought us hither. Wherefore, young men, beware! *Disce justitiam non diem.*"

He paused awhile, and then continued:

"Yet we should not be pitied, because, forsooth, we do but lie in

the beds that we have chosen. No other paradise save a heaven of gluttony would serve our turn. In the Garden of Eden, should we peradventure and by some singular grace win thither, we should instantly take to wallowing in the mud and enjoying the sunshine; some of us would sit among the pigsties in happy conversation and friendship with the swine; some would creep downstairs and bask among the saucepans before the kitchen fire; some would lie among the bottles and casks in the cellar. Not for such as have come here are the gardens, the streams, the meadows, and the hilltops."

Then came two more guests, whom he saluted gravely. These were accustomed to the doctor's moods, and sat down to the table, waiting in silence. He, too, became silent, sitting with his head upon his hand. Then came others, who also found the doctor indisposed for mirth. Presently, however he banged the table with his fist, and cried out in those deep tones which he could use so well:

"Come, life is short. Lamenting lengthens not our days. Brothers, let us drink and sing. Roger, go bring the bowl. Gentlemen all, be welcome to this poor house. Here is tobacco. Punch is coming. The night is young. Let every man be merry."

The room was half full; there were, besides the residents and lodgers of the place, young lawyers from the Temple, Gray's Inn, and Lincoln's Inn; poets not yet in limbo; authors who were still able to pay for their lodgings; young fellows whose creditors were still forbearing; and a few whose rich coats and lace betokened their rank and wealth.

The evening began, the doctor's voice loud above all the rest. Half an hour afterwards, when the air of the room was already heavy with tobacco smoke, Sir Miles Lackington, who usually came with the earliest, arrived, bringing with him a young gentleman of twenty-two years or thereabouts, who was bravely dressed in a crimson coat, lined with white silk; he had also a flowered silk waistcoat, and the hilt of his sword was set with jewels. He was, in fact, one of those gentlemen who were curious to see this jovial priest, self-styled chaplain of the place where there were so many parsons, who set the laws of the country at defiance with an audacity so splendid. He looked surprised, as if he had not expected so large an assembly.

"Follow me, my lord," said the baronet, whose jolly face was already flushed, and his voice already thick with wine. "Come, my lord, let us get nearer the doctor. Gentlemen, by your leave: will you make place for his lordship? Doctor, this gentleman is none other than the young Lord Chudleigh, who hath heard of your eloquence and your learning, and greatly desires your better acquaintance. Rascal Roger, chairs for my lord and myself!"

He pushed his way through the crowd, followed by his guest. The doctor turned his head, half rose; his melancholy mood had passed away; he was in happy vein; he had sung one or two songs in a voice which might have been heard at Temple Bar; he had taken two or three glasses of punch, and smoked a pipe and a half of the best Virginian; he was in the paradise which he loved. Yet when Sir Miles Lackington spoke, when he named his guest, the doctor's face became suddenly pale, he seemed to totter, his eyes glared, and he caught at the arm of his chair, as if about to be stricken with some kind of fit. His friends, who had never seen those ample and rubicund cheeks other than of a glowing ruddiness, were greatly terrified at this phenomenon.

"The doctor is ill," cried Solomon Stallabras, starting to his feet. "Give air—open the windows—let us carry the doctor into the street!"

But he recovered. "It is nothing," he said. "A sudden faintness. The day has been close. Let no one move." He drank off his glass of punch; the colour came back to his face and the firmness to his legs. "I am well again. Sir Miles, you are always welcome. Were the Liberties peopled with such as you, we should be well sped indeed. Quick with the chairs, Roger. I rejoice to see your lordship in this poor house of mine. Had other noblemen of your lordship's rank but kept their word, I should this day have welcomed you in the palace of a bishop. Forget, my lord, that I am not a bishop; be assured that if I cannot bestow the episcopal absolution and benediction which he of London hath ever ready for a nobleman, my welcome is worthy of a prelate, and the punch not to be surpassed even at Lambeth Palace. Sir Miles, you forgot, I think, to make me acquainted with his lordship's name."

"I am the Lord Chudleigh," said the young man, doubtfully, and with a pleasing blush.

"Again, your lordship is welcome," said the doctor. "In the old days when I was young and able to stir abroad in the world, without a creditor in every street and a vindictive dun in every shop (whose revenge in this my confinement has only brought lamentation on every mother's son, because they remain all unpaid), it was my privilege to be much with your noble father. In truth, I knew not that he was dead."

"My father died two years ago at his country house."

"Indeed!" The doctor gravely gazed in his guest's face, both still standing. "Is that really so? But we who live in this retirement hear little news. So Lord Chudleigh is dead. I went upon the Grand Tour with him. I was his tutor, his companion, his friend, as he was kind enough to call me; he was two years younger than myself, but our tastes were common, and what he bought I enjoyed and often chose. There came a time when—but your lordship is young—you know not yet how rank and class separate friends, how the man of low birth may trust his noble friend too much, and he of rank may think the Decalogue written for the vulgar. Your father is dead! I had hoped to see him if but once more, before he died; it was not to be. I would have written to him upon his deathbed had I known; I owed him much—very much more than I could hope to repay, yet would I have repaid something. Your father died suddenly, my lord, or after painful illness?"

"He died, Dr. Shovel, after a long and very painful illness."

"Why, there," cried the doctor as if disappointed. "Had I only known there would have been time for half-a-dozen letters. I would I had been with him myself."

"It is kind of you, sir," said his lordship, "thus to speak of my father."

"Did he—but I suppose he had forgotten—did he condescend to speak of me?"

"Never," replied Lord Chudleigh; "at least not to me."

"There were certain passages in his life," the doctor went on, thoughtfully, "of such a kind as recur to the memory of sick and dying men, when the good and evil deeds of our lives stand arrayed before us like ministering spirits and threatening demons. Certain passages, I say, which were intimately associated with myself. Indeed, it cannot be that they entirely perished from his lordship's memory. Since he spoke not of them, let me not speak. I am sorry, my lord, to have saddened you by thus recalling the thought of your dead father."

"Nay, sir," said Lord Chudleigh, "to have met so old a friend of my father's is a pleasure I did not expect. I humbly desire, sir, your better acquaintance."

The company during this long talk were mostly standing. It was no new thing to meet a man of rank at the doctor's, but altogether new to have the conversation assume so serious a tone. Every one felt, however, that the dignity of the doctor was greatly increased by this event.

Then the doctor waved his hand, and resumed his cheerful expression.

"Gentlemen," he said, "be seated all, I pray. My lord, your chair is at my right. Enough of the past. We are here to enjoy the present hour, which is always with us and always flying from

us. We crown it with flowers and honour it with libations; we sing its presence with us; we welcome its coming, and speed its parting with wine and song. So far are we pagans; join with us in these heathen rites wherein we rejoice in our life and forget our mortality. None but poets are immortal. Solomon—Solomon Stallabras, the modern Apollo, the favourite of the Nine, we drink your health and wish the long deferring of your immortality. Let us drink, let us talk, let us be merry, let us while away the rosy hours." He banged the table with his fist and set the glasses clinking. Then he filled a glass with punch and handed it to Lord Chudleigh. "As for you, Sir Miles," he said, "you may help yourself. Ah, tippler! the blush of the bottle is already on thy cheeks and its light is in thy eyes. Wherefore, be moderate at the outset. Roger, thou villain, go order another bowl, and after that more bowls. I am athirst; I shall drink continually; I shall become this night a mere hoghead of punch. So will all this honourable company; bid the vintner beware the lemon and be sparing of the sugar, but liberal with the clove and the nutmeg. This night shall be such a night as the Rules have never before seen. Run, rogue, run!" Roger vanished. "Let me sing you, my lord, a song of my youth when nymphs and shepherdesses ran in my head more than Hebrew and theology."

He sang in his rich, full, and musical voice, the following ditty:

Cried the nymph, while her swain,  
Sought for phrases in vain,  
"Ah, Corydon, let me a shy lover teach:  
Your flowers and rings,  
Your verses and things,  
Are pretty, but dumb, and I love a bold speech.  
"To dangle and sigh,  
To stammer and cry,  
Such foolishness angers us maidens in time;  
And if you would please,  
Neither tremble nor tease,  
But remember to woo us with laughter and rhyme.  
"Go, hang up thy crook,  
Change that sorrowful look,  
And seek merry rhymes and glad sayings in verse;  
Remember that Kitty,  
Rhymes still unto pity,  
And Polly takes folly for better or worse.  
"Come jocund and gay,  
As the roses in May,  
With a rolling leg and a confident smile:  
Forget not that mirth  
Ever rhymes unto worth,  
And lucky the lover who laughs all the while."

"I wrote the song," said the doctor, "when it was the fashion to be sighing at the feet of Chloe. Not that my song produced any impression on the fashion. Pray, my lord, is it the custom, nowadays, to woo with a long face and a mournful sigh?"

Lord Chudleigh laughed and put the question by.

"What do women care for lovers' sighs? I believe, gentlemen, they like to be carried by assault. Who can resist a brave fellow, all fire and passion, who marches to the attack with a confident laugh and a gallant bearing? It is the nature of the sex to admire gallantry. Therefore, gentlemen, put on your best ruffles, cock your hats, tie your wigs, settle the angle of your swords, and on with a hearty countenance."

"I remember, being in Constantinople, and at a slave-market where Circassians were to be bought, there came into the place as handsome a young Turk as ever you might wish to set eyes upon. Perhaps he was a poet, because when he had the slaves brought out for his inspection, at sight of the prettiest and youngest of them all he fell to sighing just like an English gentleman in love. Presently there came in an old ruffler of fifty, who, without any signs or protestations, lugged out his purse and bought the slave, and she went off delighted at having fetched so good a price and pleased so resolute a fellow."

The doctor continued to pour forth stories of adventure and experience, interspersed with philosophical maxims. He told of courts and cities as he saw them in the year 1720, which was the year in which he made the Grand Tour with the late Lord Chudleigh. He told old tales of Cambridge life. While he talked the company listened, drank, and smoked; no one interrupted him. Meanwhile he sent the punch about, gave toasts—with every glass a toast, with every toast a full glass, and swore that on such a night no one should pay but himself, therefore let every man fill up.

"Come, gentlemen, we let the glasses flag. I will sing you another song, written for the good old days of Tom D'Urfey, when men were giants, and such humble toppers as ourselves would have met with scant respect."

Come all you honest toppers, lend an ear, lend an ear,  
While we drain the bowl and push the bottle round, bottle round;  
We are merry lads, and cosy, cosy here, cosy here;  
Though outside the toil and moil may resound, may resound.

Let us drink reformation to mankind, to mankind;  
Example may they follow from our ways, from our ways;  
And whereas to their follies they are blind, they are blind,  
Their eyes may they open to their craze, to their craze.

For the miser all day long hugs his gold, hugs his gold;  
And the lover for his mistress ever sighs, ever sighs;  
And the parson wastes his words upon his fold, upon his fold;  
And the merchant to the ledger glues his eyes, glues his eyes.

But we wrangle not, but laugh, while we drink, while we drink;  
And we envy no man's happiness or wealth, or his wealth;  
We rest from toil and cease from pen and ink, pen and ink;  
And we only pray for liquor and for health, and for health.

Then the miser shall, like us, call for wine, call for wine;  
And the lover cry for lemon and the bowl, and the bowl;  
And the merchant send his clerks for brandy fine, brandy fine;  
And the parson with a bottle soothe his soul, soothe his soul.

And the rogue shall honest grow, o'er a glass, o'er a glass;  
And the robber shall repent beside a keg, beside a keg;  
And enmity to friendship quickly pass, quickly pass;  
While good fellows each to others drink a peg, drink a peg.

All kill-joy envies then shall disappear, disappear;  
Contented shall we push the bottle round, bottle round;  
For 'tis cosy, toppers all, cosy here, cosy here;  
Though outside the toil and moil may resound, may resound.

Thus did the doctor stimulate his guests to drink. As the night wore on, one by one dropped away: some, among whom were Sir Miles, dropped asleep; a few lay upon the floor. As for Lord Chudleigh, the fiery liquor and fumes of the tobacco were mounting to his brain, but he was not, like the rest, overpowered. He would have got up and gone away, but that the doctor's voice, or his eye, held him to his place.

"I am thinking," said the doctor, with a strange smile, "how your father might at one time have rejoiced to think that you should come here. The recollection of his services to me must have soothed his last moments. Would that I could repay them!"

Lord Chudleigh assured him that, so far as he knew, there was nothing to repay, and that, if there had been, his father's wish would certainly have been to forgive the debt.

"He could not forgive the debt," said the doctor, laughing. "It was not in his power. He would have owned the debt. It was not money, however, but a kindness of quite another sort."

"Then," said Lord Chudleigh, prettily bowing, "let me thank you beforehand, and assure you that I shall be proud to receive any kindness in return that you may have an opportunity to show me."

"Believe me, my lord," said the doctor, "I have the will, if not the power: and I shall not forget the will, at least."

"It is strange," he continued, "that he never spoke about his younger days. Lord Chudleigh attracted to himself, between the age of five-and-twenty and thirty, the friendship and respect of



many men, like myself, of scholarship and taste, without fortune. He with his friends was going to supply that defect, a promise which circumstances prevented him from fulfilling. The earthen vessel swims merrily, in smooth water, beside the vessel of brass; when a storm rises it breaks to atoms. We were the earthen vessels, he the brazen; we are all broken to atoms and ground beneath the heel. I, who almost alone survive, though sunk as low as any, am yet not the most miserable, and yet enjoy the three great blessings of humanity in this age—I mean tobacco, punch, and the Protestant religion. Yet one or two of the earthenware pots survive: Judge Tester, for instance, a fellow whose impudence has carried him upwards. He began by being a clown born and bred. First he was sent to the Inns of Court, where he fell into a red waistcoat and velvet breeches, and so into vanity. Impudence, I take it, is the daughter of Vanity. As for the rest, a few found their way to this classic region, on which Queen Elizabeth from the Gate of Lud looks down with royal benignity; but these are gone and dead. One, I know, took to the road, and is now engaged in healthful work upon a plantation in Maryland; two were said to have joined the Waltham Blacks, and lived like Robin Hood, on venison shot in the forest, and other luxuries demanded of wayfarers pistol in hand; one I saw not long ago equipped as a small-coal man in blue surplice, his shoulder laden with wooden tinder, and his measure twisted into the mouth of his sack; another, a light-weight and a younger son, became a jockey, and wore the leathern cap, the cut bob, the buff breeches, and the fustian frock, till he was thrown and broke his neck. I laugh when I think of what an end hath come to all the greatness of those days. To be sure, my lord paid for all, and promised future favours; but we were fine gentlemen on nothing, connoisseurs with never a guinea, dilettanti, who could not pay for the very eye-glasses we carried. In the province of love and gallantry every man, beggar as he was, thought himself a perfect Oronotades. We sang with taste; we were charming men, nonpareils. We had the tastes of men of fortune; we talked as if the things we loved were within our reach; we dreamed of pictures, bronzes, busts, intaglios, old china, or Etruscan paterae. And we had the vices of the great as well as their tastes. Like them we drank; like them we dined; like them we played all night at brag, all-fours, teetotum, hussle-cup, chuck-farthing, hazard, lansquenet. So we lived, and so we presently found the fate of earthen vessels. Heaven hath been kinder to some of us than we deserve. Wherefore, gentlemen, drink about." Here the doctor looked round him. "Gentlemen, I perceive that I have been for some time talking to a sleeping audience. Roger, pour me out another glass. Swine of Circe, I drink to your headaches in the morning. Now, lads, turn all out."

(To be continued)



THE *Contemporary* has several noticeable articles. The "Jews in Germany," a warm *apologia* (by the author of "German Home-Life") for the movement headed by Court-Chaplain Stöcker, goes far to explain the present unpopularity of the Hebrew, obnoxious as he is to the *bauer* as a usurer, to the commercial man as a too successful speculator, and to the noble as a purse-proud upstart, whose monopoly of the Liberal Press enables him moreover to give the world his own version of a struggle which is often less a *Juden* than a *Christen-hetze*, a persecution of the Teuton rather than the Semite. The movement, involving as it does a "bread question" even more than matters of class prejudice, is far too serious in the writer's eyes to be put down by "invidious remarks upon the Gentiles' 'Mangel an Bildung.'" "Latin Christian Inscriptions" is a delightfully discursive paper on the various points of interest which present themselves to the careful student of Mommsen or De Rossi, more especially in connection with those earliest inscriptions which show how far Christianity had spread among the soldiers and the aristocracy before the end of the first century. "Taxation in the United States," a well-informed account by an American of Federal, State, and municipal burdens in a typical member of the Union like Massachusetts, enables us also incidentally to see how little Free Trade commends itself to the masses in countries where the necessities of life are raised at home. In "The Truthfulness of Human Knowledge," a fifth instalment of his "Unity of Nature," the Duke of Argyll battles, not unsuccessfully, with the objection that all our conceptions of a Higher Power must come wholly out of our inner consciousness, and be fashioned after our own likeness.

The *Nineteenth Century* is a little dull. A vigorous defence by Sir Bartle Frere of the policy of the Cape Government in the case of "The Basutos," aims, not without some success, at clearing Mr. Sprigg from charges of over-haste and want of due regard for native sentiment. "A Glimpse at Newfoundland," by the Earl of Dunraven, is a spirited account of a hunting trip some years ago in the interior of this seldom-visited but romantic island; a "Day with a War Balloon," an exciting narrative of a first journey all alone through space, and of the difficulties which try the nerve of the novice in ascending or alighting.—Mr. Payn's "Penny Fiction" and Mr. Lister's "Exhibiting of Pictures" seem scarcely up to *Nineteenth Century* level.

An average number of the *Fortnightly* opens temptingly with the rare apparition, in these latter days, of a new poem—not, it is true, in his highest style—by Matthew Arnold.—Under the title of "Aerial Navigation" Dr. W. Pole gives interesting particulars of the fairly successful attempts of MM. Henri Giffard and Dupuy de Lome (working quite independently) to construct navigable balloons, and predicts the not distant solution of the problem how to sail through air on these lines, and not by means of improved flying-machines.—Lord Houghton in "Notes on 'Endymion'" reviews, not unkindly, the social and political portraits of Lord Beaconsfield with the delicate criticism that comes lightly to a man who knew the originals as well as he.

*Blackwood* for January all but casts politics aside for matters of a more agreeable interest.—"Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters.—I. Ophelia," by "Helena Faucit Martin," will be read gladly for its subtle revelations—at times, perhaps, involving more than Shakespeare dreamed—of a great actress's ideal of the character she interprets.

*Fraser*, too, "Maga's" ancient rival, is this month more than usually varied. "The Emperor Alexander's Reforms," by O. K.—a Russian of what we might term Conservative-Liberal proclivities—is an instructive if flattering account of a reign of some good performances and many good intentions.—The Hon. G. C. Brodrick's "Last Chapter of Irish History" is a capital *resumé* of the weak points in the Land Act of 1870, and of the dangers that might result from remedial legislation conceived too exclusively in the interests of any single class.

The *Cornhill*, with two new and promising serials and a further instalment of the pretty tale of "Fina's Aunt," is stronger this month in its fiction than in its essays. The latter, indeed, though thoroughly readable, have somehow—except that on "The Moral Side of Literature"—a more than usually undisguised look of "padding."

*Macmillan*, besides a further long instalment of Mr. Henry James's "Portrait of a Lady"—the smooth marble whereof begins to glow with a faint warmth—has other papers highly readable.—In "A Study of an Old Parish Register" the Rev.

W. Benham revives quaint chronicles of parochial history in Margate, between 1545 and 1667.

The profusely illustrated pages of *Harper* present an agreeable alternation of papers, framed to please English and American tastes in turn—a second chapter of Mr. Moncreux Conway's "English Lakes and their Genii" being deftly balanced by pleasant sketches of "Old Time Life in a Quaker Town on the Delaware;" a notice of J. Russell Lowell, with two new Sonnets from his practised pen; by amusing anecdotes of Ole Bull and "Some Great Violins;" a history of the "Old New York Volunteer Fire Department," by a "Birch-Canoe Voyage on the Thames from Oxford to Hampton Court."

In *Scribner's Magazine* for Girls and Boys, like its older *confère*, is excellently illustrated. "In Nature's Wonderland," by Felix Oswald, would not discredit Jules Verne himself.

A critique of Sara Bernhardt, by R. Grant White, as a great natural actress rather than a great *tragedienne*, and a most amusing account of the trouble which befel an American pair desirous of being "Married in Germany" with all possible legality, are perhaps the best articles in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

In the *North American Review* M. Desiré Charnay's further explorations among the ruins of Teotihuacan, a Toltec city once containing 500,000 inhabitants, and itself built on the *débris* of a yet older civilisation, are still the most generally attractive feature.—The "Mission of the Democratic Party" and "Controlling Forces in American Politics," are chiefly valuable as statements by prominent party men of the aims and character of the two great political sections in the States.

The *Burlington*, a new venture of that popular novelist, Miss Helen Mathers, may claim, though only half the price, to rank with many of our shilling magazines. Not only fiction but science, literature, art, fashion, and sanitation, will all in turn be represented in its columns, and quarterly prizes will stimulate the wits and reward the assiduity of "the constant subscriber." The serials in the first number are both good, and Mr. Lucy's "At the Scæne Gate," is a clever skit on celebrities who have reached what Homer terms the age of grasshoppers. Why, however, "Scæne" has been uniformly printed "Scæn" we must leave compositor and author to decide.

*Temple Bar*, with three biographical papers—that on St. Beuve the shortest and the best—and a fourth rambling but interesting, paper, "Episodes of the Napoleonic Era," by "Diplomaticus," has ample material for those who love to blend, if possible, instruction with amusement.—"Illouscha" is a very pathetic Russian tale.—"The Freres," by Mrs. Alexander, opens most enticingly.

Chatty "Rambles about Eton," by Mr. Alfred Rimmer, a scientific paper by Mr. Mattieu Williams on "Dying Trees in Kensington Gardens," and a dangerously alluring article, "Does Writing Pay," in which the writer shows how 14,000*l.* were made by the judicious distribution of copy "as per sample" in as many different publishing-offices as possible, are among the more interesting contributions to a very good number of *Belgravia*.—Mr. W. H. Mallock commences a new "Romance of the Nineteenth Century," in which Duchesses and Lords with "golden cigarette cases" figure most divinely; and Mrs. Margaret Hunt contributes a powerful Cornish story, "Rigged with Curses Dark."

In the *Gentleman's* Mr. R. A. Proctor lucidly explains the several positions from which "The Fifteen Puzzle" is or is not soluble.—Under the title of "Some Animal Biographies" Mr. Andrew Wilson illustrates the evolution of species from the development of the individual by examples taken from the *Crustacea* and *Echinodermata*.—The serial fiction for the new year is from the practised pen of Mr. Justin McCarthy.

*Time*, with a grotesquely horrible tale of Berlioz's revenge on "The Man who Hissed" his favourite opera of *Der Freyschütz*, and a short Irish story of more than average merit by Mrs. Charles Martin; *Tinsley*, with infinite variety of fiction, among the rest a gruesome tale, "A Study in Anatomy," from the French, by no means improved in its slightly abridged English version; *London Society*, with a new novel by Mrs. Riddell; the *Argosy*, dependent this month mainly on its editor; and a new, but not remarkably robust "sixpenny," *The Grosvenor*, must be passed over with brief acknowledgment.

In the *Antiquary* a paper by Mr. Blades on "The First Printing Press at Oxford," and Mr. C. Nicholson's "Roman Villa near Brading," are to our taste much the most attractive articles.—"An Archaeological Tour in Norfolk" opens fairly, and "Some Traditions and Superstitions connected with Buildings," if not very recondite, are quaintly amusing.

In the *Victorian Review* a humorous article on the "Coming Australian" bewails (1) his inordinate love of field sports—a successful Australian author like Mr. Farjeon, for instance, being dust in the Victorian's balance when weighed against a Trickett or a Spofforth; (2) his irreverence towards parents or superiors; (3) his dislike to mental effort.—"Notes on Fiji" re-echo loud complaints of the new Governor, Sir A. Gordon, and the proposed transfer of the capital from Levuka to Suva.

Readers of *The Australian* will find in "Holiday Trips in New South Wales" the first instalment of an interesting description of that Antipodean wonder, the great Fish River Caves.—The farcical tale of "The Two Rosamonds" concludes, if not happily, at least amusingly.

*The Squire, Chambers',* and *All the Year Round* are all fair numbers.—In the *Revisite de Marina*, three articles out of six devoted to torpedoes attest the importance attached by Spanish naval writers to these new weapons of attack or defence; in the *Churchman* an opportune article, by Canon Dwyer, on "The Church of Rome and the Land War in Ireland," showing forcibly the weakness of the more moderate bishops and priests in the face of a general revolt against authority; in the *Month* some further chapters of the Rev. Arthur Knight's well-written narrative—of course from the high Catholic point of view—of Mgr. de Beaumont's disciplinary battles with a Jansenist nuns, or with the French King and his Parliament; and a controversial paper on "Communion in One Kind," will all be read with considerable interest.

The *University*, more than half taken up by a dreary article on the *Essenes*, can scarcely be described as very attractive.—*Good Words*, on the other hand, with a new novel by Mr. Blackmore, the scene of which is laid in his favourite Dartmoor; a first instalment of Mr. Froude's most interesting "Reminiscences of the High Church Revival;" Mr. Thomson's "Usumbara and Back," the newest thing in African exploration; and a fair paper, by Augustus J. C. Hare, on Lucca, may justly vie with the *dile* of our monthlies.

From the *Leisure Hour* we may single out as opportune at the present moment a fair article on "Memorable Scenes in the House of Commons," as specially readable the Rev. Harry Jones's "Past and Present in the East," and a paper on "Sussex Folk and Sussex Ways;" from the *Sunday at Home* Mr. Lansdell's article on "The Greek Church in Russia and Siberia;" from the *Sunday Magazine* Lawrence Oliphant's "On the Way Beyond Jordan," and Miss Alcock's romance of Olden Venice; from the *Day of Rest* serial tales by Robert Buchanan and Jean Ingelow, and a first instalment of reminiscences by Alexander Strahan, entitled "Twenty Years of a Publisher's Life."

*Friendly Greetings, Hand and Heart, Home Words, the Day of Days, the Child's Companion, the Collager*, are all good specimens of "illustrated readings" for young and old.



MR. FRANK BARRETT in "Folly Morrison" (3 vols.: R. Bentley and Son) adheres to the theory that if probability clash with his incidents, or even with his characters, so much the worse for probability. He does not indeed go to work, even upon his minor details, without very obvious motive and reason; and, for that matter, a man who feels himself strong and able may be well pardoned for indulging the desires of his muscles even when no such display is decidedly called for. But still, were he Hercules, certain limits and conventions must be observed. It is not merely improbable or incredible that a father should recognise in a ballet girl upon the stage a daughter whom he had never seen in his life, even at her birth. This is as simply impossible as if Mr. Barrett had made him take a voyage to the Dog Star, and the recognition has the misfortune of being one of the most important and prominent scenes in the novel. Again, that an honest and respected labourer should be sent to Coventry and scouted from their society as a thief by other labourers because he has been guilty of picking up a few sticks that were only technically private property, is another unlooked-for point in the story, which shows downright defiance of the facts of very elementary human nature. Hardly less prodigious is the love of Folly Morrison for any loathsome sot who said he was her father, even though he might speak truly. Her revenge on her lover is merely unpleasantly improbable, but her wholesale slaughter of Prussian soldiers, and the survivors' most rationally uncharacteristic want of discipline and economy of ammunition in the way they returned her fire, are simply sublime in their disregard of anything that has been or could have been. Such faults as these injure the interest proper to a book written with exceptional trenchancy and power.

The plot of "Civil War in Home and Land," by the author of "A Bride from the Rhineland," is a little gloomy. A beautiful and wilful girl—so grievously misunderstood that she is goaded into being impertinent to her schoolmistress and quarrelling with her lunatic father—elopes, to everybody's extreme relief, we should imagine, with a fascinating Hungarian Count, who holds Turkish views about the natural submission of the woman to the man. She demands equality as a condition of love, he quietly goes off to Vienna, and leaves his immense estate in charge of his English wife and his brother. We find no fault with the authoress for the love which grows up between the Count's wife and the Count's brother, because she writes with a simplicity so obviously infantine. She does not know what she is writing about, and there is an end. Finally the Countess and her brother-in-law are so false to their trust as to lead the severely loyal Count's own "vassals" into the Hungarian revolt against Austria. But the Count is again equal to the occasion. He has his brother beaten to death by Russian soldiers, and his wife removed by a regiment of Croats "howling like beasts for their prey" to a fortress, where she is supposed to spend the rest of her days. There is no question of probability or otherwise about so mere a dream. The most remarkable point about "Civil War" is the exceedingly mild and young-ladyish style in which the authoress writes about all sorts of horrors.

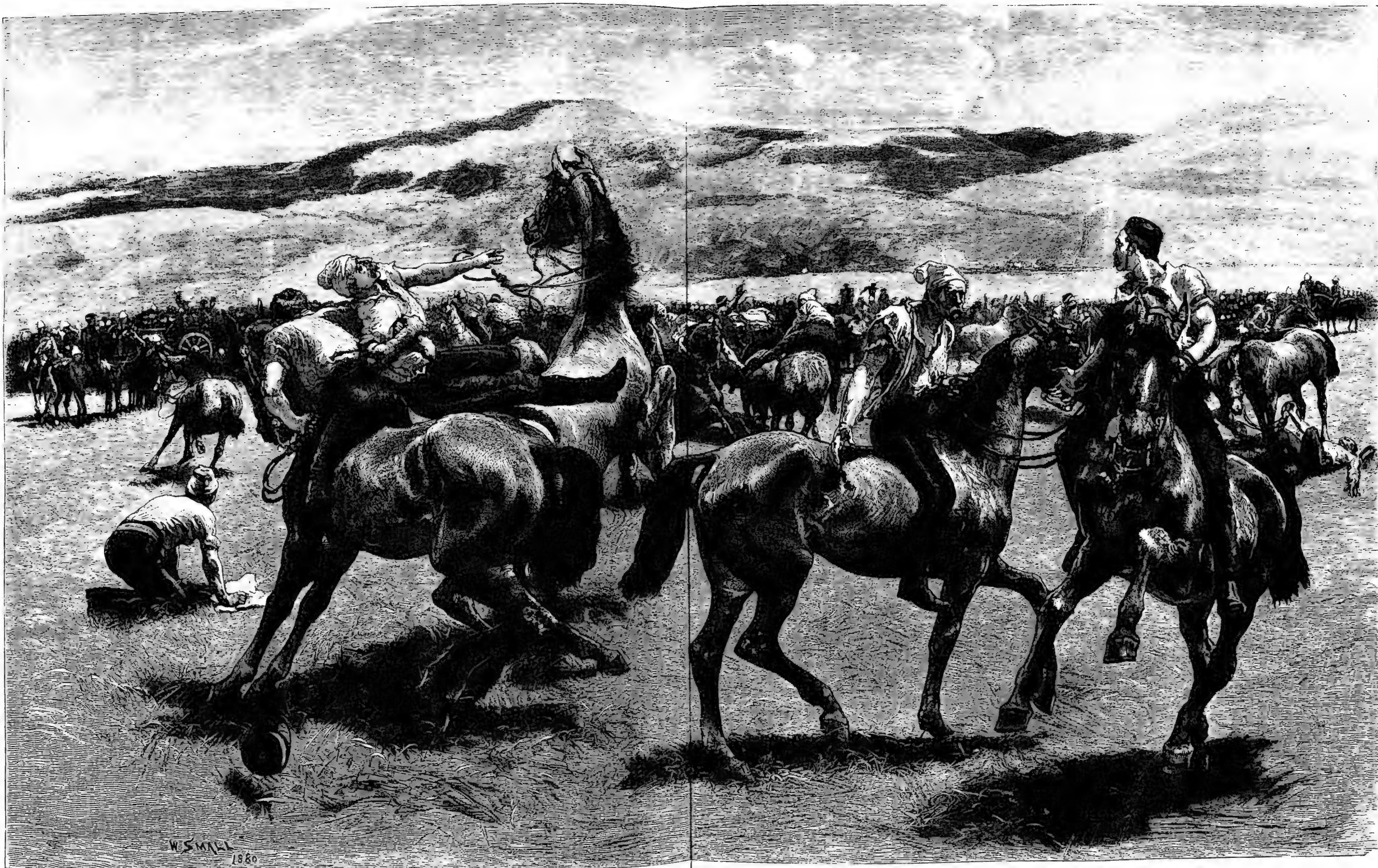
There is merit in "My Imperialist Neighbour," and other Stories, by Henrietta A. Duff (1 vol.: Marcus Ward and Co.). The style is graceful, the interest is sufficient, the tone is a pattern of all proprieties. There is certainly a very decided family likeness among the tales. All are pretty little love stories; all—save one—have that favourite foreign flavour which comes from treating the foreign peasant as a nice toy made solely to be smiled at and patted on the head by the refined and large-minded English tourist; *Cosas d'Espana* and *Roba di Roma* are all just as romantic, and artistic, and literary, and so forth as they ought to be. When will people become tired of saying the same proper things about that singular country called "abroad," where it is so much the right thing for English people to shew that they are quite at home? But, till that day comes, we shall be quite content if authors and authoresses will try to be as correct, as graceful, and as sparing as the late Miss Duff in their manner of dealing with foreign tongues—not to speak of their own. Her tales are better worth reprinting than nine collections of magazine stories out of ten.

"An Author's Story," and Other Tales, by Emily Foster (1 vol.: Samuel Tinsley and Co.), are noticeable as showing symptoms of a sense of humour—a quality becoming so rare among lady novelists that it is to be pounced down upon as upon a jewel. Nay, Miss Foster has even a shadowy notion of downright fun, as in her wig story. And therefore we have no compunction in telling her that, from a literary point of view, she has everything to learn—because, if she have the gift of humour in any real degree, she will soon find that out for herself, and either set to work to learn something, or else give up novel-writing altogether. If, as we imagine, she be an exceptionally young beginner, she had better wait a long time before she tries again, not letting herself be idle meanwhile. We should give very different advice if we saw no signs of promise in "An Author's Story" and its companions.



IN "ISLAND LIFE," by Mr. A. R. Wallace (Macmillan and Co.), we have one of the most valuable contributions to Physical Geography of recent years. Although the author states the work to be a supplement to his well-known "Geographical Distribution of Animals," the book may well take rank upon its own merits, and will prove a most useful addition both to the library of the student and the skilled geologist or naturalist. Essentially a zoologist, Mr. Wallace begins with a comprehensive treatise on Zoological Regions and the range of animals throughout the various quarters of the globe—adopting the general classification of Mr. P. L. Sclater of Palearctic, Ethiopian, Oriental, Australian, Neo-Arctic, and Neo-Tropical Regions. A large portion of the work, however, is occupied with chapters on geographical and geological changes, in which, by the way, Mr. Wallace vigorously, and, to our mind, successfully, disputes the theory that the existing continents were at any time submerged beneath the ocean. He also dwells at length upon the Glacial Epoch with a clearness and method which cannot fail of its effect upon the dullest of minds, besides conveying much matter for study and thought to those well versed in the various theories of the great ice-age. But perhaps Mr. Wallace is at his happiest when he gets fairly into his special subject, and deals with the actual title-matter of his work, "Island Life." Beginning with the origin of the various species of islands, whether oceanic or continental, whether thrown up by a volcano, like St. Helena, built by the industry of myriads of coral insects, like the Bermudas, or separated from the mother continent by some tremendous convulsion of nature, such as the British Isles, Japan and Formosa, or Madagascar, he passes on to the mode in which they were inhabited by their present *fauna* and *flora*, and clearly corroborates his geological theories by zoological proofs. His chapters on Madagascar (by the way, he scoffs at the pet notion of many geologists, a Lemurian continent) and on New Zealand, which he argues with considerable power once formed part of an eastern Australian continent, are especially





WRESTLING ON HORSEBACK  
A MATCH IN THE TRANSVAAL BETWEEN THE DRAGOON GUARDS AND THE ROYAL ARTILLERY



worthy of mention, but, to come nearer home, his description of the British Isles, of their geographical and zoological changes, and the probable causes thereof, should be read by all possessing even the most elementary knowledge of physical geography. The work is well illustrated by technical maps, and contains voluminous tables of the *fauna* and *flora* of the various islands described.

None but very thoughtless Southrons will wonder that Mr. Donald Gregory's "History of the Western Highlands and Isles of Scotland, from 1493 to 1625" (London: Hamilton and Adams; Glasgow: T. D. Morison) should have reached a second edition. Mr. Gregory found the intermediate period neglected by those who have told all the little there is to tell about the days when the Lord of the Isles was a vassal of Norway rather than of Scotland, and also about the romantic loyalty displayed during and after the Civil Wars by Highlanders and Islanders to those Stuarts whom they had so long set at defiance. He wisely keeps the history of the East and West Highlands distinct; indeed, the record as it stands is intricate enough—a wild war dance like that of Aytoun's MacTavish, when he "took in hand to extirpate the vipers." Clans get "broken," like the Huistein branch of the Macdonalds; or fade out like the Macruaries (sons of Roderick). Chiefs rise and disappear. Angus Oge seizes the Bishop who had just promulgated the statutes of Icolmkill; the next we hear of Angus is that he and many of his fellows are hanged amid general sympathy. Every now and then there are savage raids like that of Kilchrist, in which the invaders, choosing a time when the warriors of the clan they are attacking are out on the war-path, show the same lack of fair play to their brethren which the Lowlanders showed to them all; for, Christians though they were, the Highlanders were no more admitted into the commonwealth of nations than their brethren in that bigger Scotland which we now call Ireland. Everything was lawful against them. James VI., who tried to plant Skye and the Lewis with "adventurers," as he succeeded in planting Ulster, handed over the rest of the Northern Hebrides to the Marquis of Huntly, on condition of his *extirpating the barbarous people within a year*; and the Islesmen were only saved by Presbyterian jealousy of the Catholic Gordons. The book, appropriately dedicated to Lord Macdonald, the Macdonnail na'n Eilean, has much more than antiquarian interest; the statute of 1609, for instance, against the bards, suggests that Edward I.'s attempt to destroy the Welsh bards may not be a myth after all.

The *perfidium ingenium* which marks the Island and West Highland feuds comes out in a different way in the Nun of Kenmare's "Case of Ireland Stated" (Dublin: Gill and Son). Miss Cusack's "plea for her people and her race" ought to be read by all who care to hear all sides about what for almost every one is a party question. Stating the case of Ireland from an Irish nun's standpoint, though not from the standpoint of the repealer or the anarchist, she has no difficulty in bringing a strong indictment against landlords to whom un-English laws give a wholly un-English power. As to the cry that agitation keeps out capital, she pertinently remarks that "somehow this mysterious benefactor always selects an unfortunate time for doing this wonderful good to Ireland. In peaceful intervals we never hear of him; and yet, strange to say, we are begging him to come always, or, better still, we are asking permission to develop our industrial resources, to extend, for example, our fisheries, and yet we cannot get help." England destroyed Irish manufactures; hence the struggle for land among a people who have no other means of life. Miss Cusack believes that the priests, so far from being mischievous, are preventing something like a French Revolution in Ireland. "Communism, the Devil's parody of God's eternal truth, the Irish do not want; they want the rights of property protected by law."

Of "The Library Cyclopædia of Geography" (W. Collins and Sons) we have a new edition, enlarged to over 930 pp. The distinctive feature of this valuable work is that, while the late Dr. Bryce and Keith Johnson are answerable for it as a whole, separate articles are (as in Smith's dictionaries) the work of specialists. Thus Dr. Carpenter has done the Atlantic, Miss Bird Hawaii, Dr. George Smith India, &c. Of course, there are omissions—Cape Cornwall, for instance, the only Cape in England, might have been mentioned as well as Cape Henlopen, and Cape Clear is of more general interest than Clearwater River, U.S. India occupies thirteen pages, and includes a careful account of caste, marking the distinction between the Sudras of Northern and of Southern India, and a sketch of the Indian religions tracing Brahminism from the old Vedic worship, and rather rashly stigmatising Buddhism as "a system of Atheism." This article alone shows the vast superiority of the Cyclopædia over the old Gazetteers.

We like the Rev. J. G. Wood better as an original writer than as a translator. Alphonse Karr is, like Michelet and Victor Hugo, readable in French; but his "Tour Round My Garden" (Warne and Co.) is not attractive in English. Nevertheless the book has reached a new edition; thanks probably to its pretty binding and Mr. Harvey's 100 illustrations. Mr. Wood says "wherever practicable" he has given the plants, &c., their English names; but surely he might have said mullein instead of *molena*, and bugloss instead of *viparina*, both these being as certainly British plants as is the foxglove itself. Karr's weak point is his stories; we see no fun in driving a man mad by persuading him that there is a sausage-tree on which grows the *cervelas à l'ail*. Far better are his notes of old customs and superstitions, such as placing clothes for a few minutes on a coffin to ensure them against moths; and his scraps of Mediaeval wisdom, like "Prima dies Maii; non caribus anseris uti." Mr. Wood credits him with a lively wit. A sample of it is: "Never have any neighbours if you wish to live at peace with them," "Never give anything to your children if you wish them to be fittingly grateful to you." Karr is a bit of a Communist, full of pity for "those poor rich." Mr. Wood may think as he likes about Karr's wit, but we demur to his claiming for the author of "Sous les Tilleuls" true delicacy of feeling.

Dr. Japp's "Industrial Curiosities" (Japp and Co.) is to our boyhood's "Book of Trades" what the "Student's Hume" is to old Goldsmith, completer and more trustworthy, and in style more ponderous. Most of the chapters are reprinted from *Good Words* and elsewhere. The illustrations are naturally of unequal value; it is impossible, for instance, for any engraving to reproduce satisfactorily the "bright room" where needles are polished. Dr. Japp takes us from leather ("on which d'Ercilla wrote an epic noticed by Mr. Carlyle") to wool, and thence to porcelain and the sewing-machine, &c., winding up with the Post Office and Through Traffic, and in his appendix giving an interesting account of Dr. Hünzler's invention of chrome-tanning. Nowadays boys are so fed upon story books and books of adventure that we welcome a book which tells them something about the facts of the world they live in.

Mr. Louis Jennings' "Rambles Among the Hills" (John Murray) is delightful reading this dull weather. It is full of sunshine and bright cloud and sweet scents from down and moorland, and its sketches of out-of-the-way villages are as good as photographs. The rambles are partly in the Peak of Derbyshire, partly over the Sussex Southdowns. We can testify to the accuracy of many of the details; the top of Kinderscourt, for instance, is just the peat moss seamed all over with narrow watercourses from four to ten feet down to their sandy bottoms, which Mr. Jennings describes. He says there is no country it takes so long to get tired of as England; and certainly his experience is encouraging enough to set the most *blasé* traveller on a walking tour. Mr. Hallam Murray's sketches are a great addition to the book; Monsal Dale, with a stormy sky and the scanty trees shivering as the breeze comes up, is as good in its way as the old houses at Steyning are in theirs.

Mr. Theodore Bent's "Genoa: How the Republic Rose and Fell" (Kegan Paul and Co.), is a painstaking and conscientious history of a Republic which, even more than Florence, gave Europe lessons in finance. We understand his talking of "Shakespeare's Merchant of Genoa," but we wish his search among archives had taught him not to write things down without reflection. Nevertheless a monograph on such a subject cannot fail to be full of interest; and he gives us the whole story, from Janus, great-grandson of Noah, to Columbus's anchor (?), discovered this year off Trinidad. The Genoese deserve the bad character they had in the Middle Ages. To crush the Jewish refugees from Ferdinand and Isabella's persecution almost passes belief; and Corsica they managed with stupid harshness. Mr. Bent defends their cession of Corsica to France. What could they do? Paoli refused the best of terms, Austria was threatening, Genoa herself bankrupt.



MESSRS. CHAPPELL AND CO.—A more seasonable and appropriate musical gift will not be met with than the second volume of "Old English Ditties," selected from Chappell's "Music of the Olden Times," a work which is well known and prized in all English homes where national music, ancient and modern, is loved and cultivated. The present volume, like its predecessor, is admirably got up, clearly printed, and of a convenient size. Armed with this, whether the singer be male or female, he or she will find songs for all tastes, and especially the old folks, who, whilst they listen to the ditties which were popular in their youthful days, will grow young again—at least in fancy. This collection contains 128 songs, some of which bear date the sixteenth century. Amongst the most popular songs herein are "Here's to the Maiden of Bashful Fifteen," "The Lass of Richmond Hill," "Wapping Old Stairs," and "Nobody's Coming to Marry Me." Some of the lengthy ballads have been judiciously shortened, and to others new words have been written by John Oxenford and Natalia Macfarren, whilst the symphonies have been rearranged or supplied by G. A. Macfarren.—"The Pirates of Penzance," by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, is one of the most popular comic operettas of the day, and will therefore be welcome in the family circle in its present complete vocal score, with pianoforte accompaniments, whilst for small choral societies it will take a good position in a secular programme.

MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS AND CO.—A very useful and able pamphlet by Ciro Pinsuti, which, as he states, is written in a familiar style for all engaged in tuition, is "Hints to Teachers of Singing." There is nothing very new in it, at the same time for mothers or governesses who live far away from available vocal tuition for their children or pupils, the sensible advice given on the production and cultivation of the voice, especially for children and very young people, will prove of great assistance. The above firm publishes a series of "Vocal Duets for Ladies' Voices," which are eagerly asked for and thoroughly appreciated in schools or family circles where male voices are scarce. For one shilling five very pretty duets may be had, entitled respectively, "When Life is Brightest," by C. Pinsuti, "The Crystal Cave," by S. Glover, "Harp of the Winds," and "Kathleen Aroon," by F. Abt, and "Come When the Soft Twilight," by R. Schumann. Two pretty songs are "The Butterfly's Kiss," written and composed by Alfred Caldicott, Mus. Bac., Cantab, and "Returning Sails," the cheerful words of which are by Rea, music by the above-named composer. Both are of medium compass.—Brinley Richards has arranged Blumenthal's favourite song, "We Two," in a neat and simple manner for the pianoforte.—Very showy and easier to play than to read is "Silver Bells of Memory," by George F. West, a transcription for the pianoforte of Harry Dale's pleasing song which bears that title.—A very pretty present for young folks is a series of six easy pianoforte pieces tastefully got up, with pictures of the places after which they are named; the music, which is by the children's friend, William Smallwood, is very much better than generally is to be found under such a pleasing exterior.—"Valley Echoes" is the comprehensive title of this set. No. 1, "Valley of the Rhone," No. 2, "Valley in the Tyrol," No. 3, "Valley of Bonea, Naples," No. 4, "Valley of the Drim," No. 5, "Valley of Festiniog," and No. 6, "Valley in California." All are good in their way, and sufficiently varied to please all young tastes.

MESSRS. METZLER AND CO.—A very good sea song, written and composed by Col. Meadows Taylor and J. L. Hatton, is "The Captain's Song." Nautically disposed baritones will find it a sure success when sung to their lady loves at parting.—"The First Choice" is a charming narrative song, music by Henry Smart, words by F. Enoch; the compass is from F on the first space to the octave above.—"Our Newspapers," a so-called humorous song by Julien Martin will find some admirers in spite of its lengthiness and its monotonous refrain at the end of each line, which to many ears would prove most irritating.—A naive little ballad for a soprano is "What Shall I Say?" the piquante words are by Edward Oxenford, the music by Antonio L. Mora—both will please cultivated tastes and often win an encore in the drawing-room.



#### THE GROSVENOR GALLERY

THE Winter Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery, like that of last year, consists of two distinct and very dissimilar sections, the large West Gallery being occupied by English and foreign water-colour drawings, and the East Gallery by designs of a purely decorative character. These last form the more novel and interesting portion of the display. That the art of ornamentation has made a great advance in this country during the last thirty years is beyond question, but very few artists have devoted themselves to the study of those severer forms of decorative design in which the human figure holds an important place. It is a significant fact that of the sixty-eight examples of the art here exhibited, no less than fifty-six are by three artists, namely, Mr. E. Burne Jones, Mr. Walter Crane, and Mr. H. Holliday. The works of Mr. Jones, produced at long intervals and representing years of labour, are infinitely varied in motive and technical method. But though they show the progressive development of his art, with only one or two exceptions they are imbued with the archaic feeling which he derived from the painters of the primitive Italian schools which preceded the Renaissance. This must be accepted as an essential condition of his art; and, though it detracts considerably from the value of his works, it need not make us insensible to their unquestionable beauties. His two very large designs for windows, "Paradise," and "The Judgment," though they display great inventive power, and contain some really fine passages, want the largeness of style and the simplicity that properly belong to decorative art. The "Part of a Window, Designed for Brampton," is a more mature and better

work; but the artist is seen to most advantage in the large cartoons of single figures designed for mural painting. The "Elijah" is an impressive figure, and the "St. Martin" is remarkable for the broad, simple, disposition of the drapery, as well as the dignity of the figure. The two large coloured designs, "A Sea Nymph" and "A Wood Nymph," which seem to be very recent works, and though fantastic in conception, show a feeling for the beauty of the human figure in its highest form of physical development that we have seen in none of the artist's previous works. The figures in the two designs from "The Romance of the Rose" are suggestive of beauty and graceful movement, but are very incorrect in proportion. The circular picture "Dies Domini," which holds the central place at the end of the gallery, though not entirely satisfactory, is a work of distinguished merit. The head of Christ is of a noble type, full of dignity and pathos, and those of the four angels surrounding him are distinguished by a serene beauty that has seldom been equalled. When seen from a little distance, however, the effect is *bizarre* and unpleasant, for the dark blue and purple wings of the angels are harsh and metallic in quality of colour, and the heads emerging from them appear as separate luminous spots. Scarcely less beautiful in detail, and far more agreeable in general effect, is "Cupid's Hunting Ground." The artist has here adopted a peculiar method known to some of the early Italian painters. The draperies, and all except the heads and hands, which are painted on the flat panel, are modelled in low relief and gilded. The figures are admirably grouped, and the heads of the graceful maidens who are trying to avoid the poised arrow of the blind-folded Cupid are exquisitely beautiful. The flesh tints, too, are very pure in colour, and harmonise perfectly with the variously tinted gold around them. A splendid decorative effect is thus produced.

Mr. H. Holliday exhibits a large amount of decorative work, including designs for stained glass, frescos, and other forms of mural painting. His life-sized figure typifying "Theology," executed in the Library of Charterhouse School, is well drawn, and appropriately dignified and grave of aspect, but the drapery, cast in multitudinous folds, wants the simplicity and breadth essential to decorative art. In his graceful composition "Apollo and the Muses," stated to be intended for a frieze in Clifton Cathedral, the figures are well designed, and the masses of colour skillfully arranged. His drawings for painted glass, especially the "East Window at Thirsk" and "Archbishop Langton," are also good works, well adapted for the purpose for which they were designed.

Mr. Walter Crane exhibits a large number of very able works. His large cartoon for tapestry, "The Goose Girl," is quaint and original in conception, and especially noteworthy for its sober harmony and well-considered scheme of colour. The ornamental border intended to be executed in encaustic tiles is admirably designed. His two designs for friezes, to be executed in mosaic, and his drawings for wall-papers display a vast amount of ingenuity and artistic invention; but his best productions in this way are two cartoons for screens in needlework, "Apes and Monkeys," and "Earth, Air, Fire, and Water." The last named, in which peacocks and pomegranates, monkeys, mermaids, and swans are ingeniously combined with Arabesque forms, is especially good; the colour is admirably balanced, and the design, though complex, is perfectly symmetrical.

The only contribution of Mr. W. B. Richmond, a large cartoon, "Birth of Venus" is not a very good example of his style; the figure of the goddess cannot be regarded as a model of abstract beauty, nor is it drawn with the artist's accustomed firmness and mastery. Mr. E. J. Poynter, on the contrary, is seen to the highest advantage in the large coloured design for the mosaic in the House of Lords—"St. George, with Allegorical Figures of Fortitude and Purity." The figure of the saint, who clad in golden armour, presses his armed heel on the prostrate dragon, is full of expressive energy, and drawn with masterly knowledge and power. The attendant figures are not inferior to it; their forms and attitudes are majestic, and their draperies, disposed in broad and massive folds, are admirably designed. More than any other work in the room, it is distinguished by grandeur and simplicity of style.

The English water-colour drawings collected in the West Gallery may be passed without detailed notice; most of them are by young and hitherto unaccomplished artists, and of the rest none presents any especial feature of novelty. More fresh and interesting matter is to be found in the small collection of drawings contributed by French painters. Water-colour painting until within the last few years has held an unimportant place in French Art, but it will be seen that the authors of these works have thoroughly mastered the technical difficulties of the method. And it is worthy of notice that with few exceptions they are painted in a pure and simple manner without the admixture of body colour, which is so much abused by many English artists. This certainly is not the case with M. J. Cazin's landscape with small figures, "Abraham," which might easily be mistaken for an oil picture. Apart from this it is an excellent work, impressive in effect and full of low-toned harmony of colour. By M. Ulysse Butin, whose oil pictures are already well known in England, there are two sea-coast pictures, "Les Enfants du Marin" and "Gros Temps," remarkable alike for their truth of aerial effect, and the skilful way in which the figures are treated. The sense of movement in the sand-stained waves breaking on the coast, in the last-named picture, is admirably rendered. In M. N. Goeneutte's Parisian street scenes, "Rétour du Marché aux Fleurs" and "Au Pont Royal," the figures are true types of character, and as well as the other features of the scenes are painted with great ability. M. H. Harpignies' masterly way of treating landscape is well exemplified in two small pictures, "Encore Six Kilomètres" and "Chamnières à Saint Privé," and there are some faithful transcripts from nature by M. E. Von, M. F. de Mesgrigny, M. L. Gaucherel, and M. L. Japy.

#### THE ROYAL ACADEMY

I.

It is some years since a better Exhibition of Pictures by the Old Masters and Deceased Painters of the British School has been seen at Burlington House than that which opened on Monday last.

A collection of Dutch pictures, all of them good and some of surpassing excellence, forms its most important feature, and it contains besides a good assortment of English portraits and landscapes, and a miscellaneous assemblage of the various foreign schools, including some of great value and interest. An additional attraction, too, has been provided in a series of several hundred drawings, chiefly in outline, by the great sculptor, John Flaxman.

In accordance with established precedent the First Room is occupied exclusively by English pictures. Reynolds has been so largely represented on former occasions that it is not surprising to find that he now appears in diminished force. His fine appreciation of cultivated beauty and his masterly power of handling are, however, to be seen in the small oval portrait of "Mrs. Woodley," and in the graceful half-length of "Mrs. Charlotte Hanbury." The head and powdered hair in the last-named picture are magnificently painted, but the right hand bears evidence of the restorer's work. Sir Joshua's taste and skill in female portraiture is, however, best seen in the charming head of the beautiful and witty "Kitty Fisher" one of many that he painted. This is described in the catalogue as a "sketch," but it is really an unfinished picture; for though the figure is only slightly indicated, the head is modelled with great care and completeness. Two of the painter's efforts in the way of imaginative art are here; "The Sleeping Cupid," lent by the Earl of Carnarvon, though not very accurate in drawing, is

(Continued on page 64)



## MARRIAGE.

On the 21st ult., at Ballymore Church, Westmeath, Diocese of Meath, by the Rev. Francis Moore, Rector of Duffield, Derbyshire, uncle of the bride, assisted by the Rev. C. Tibbatts, Rector of St. Owen's, Ballymore, ROBERT WILLIAM LOWRY, of Pomeroy House, Co. Tyrone, D.D., to DOROTHEA ELIZABETH, second daughter of the late George Folliott, of Vicar's Cross, Cheshire.

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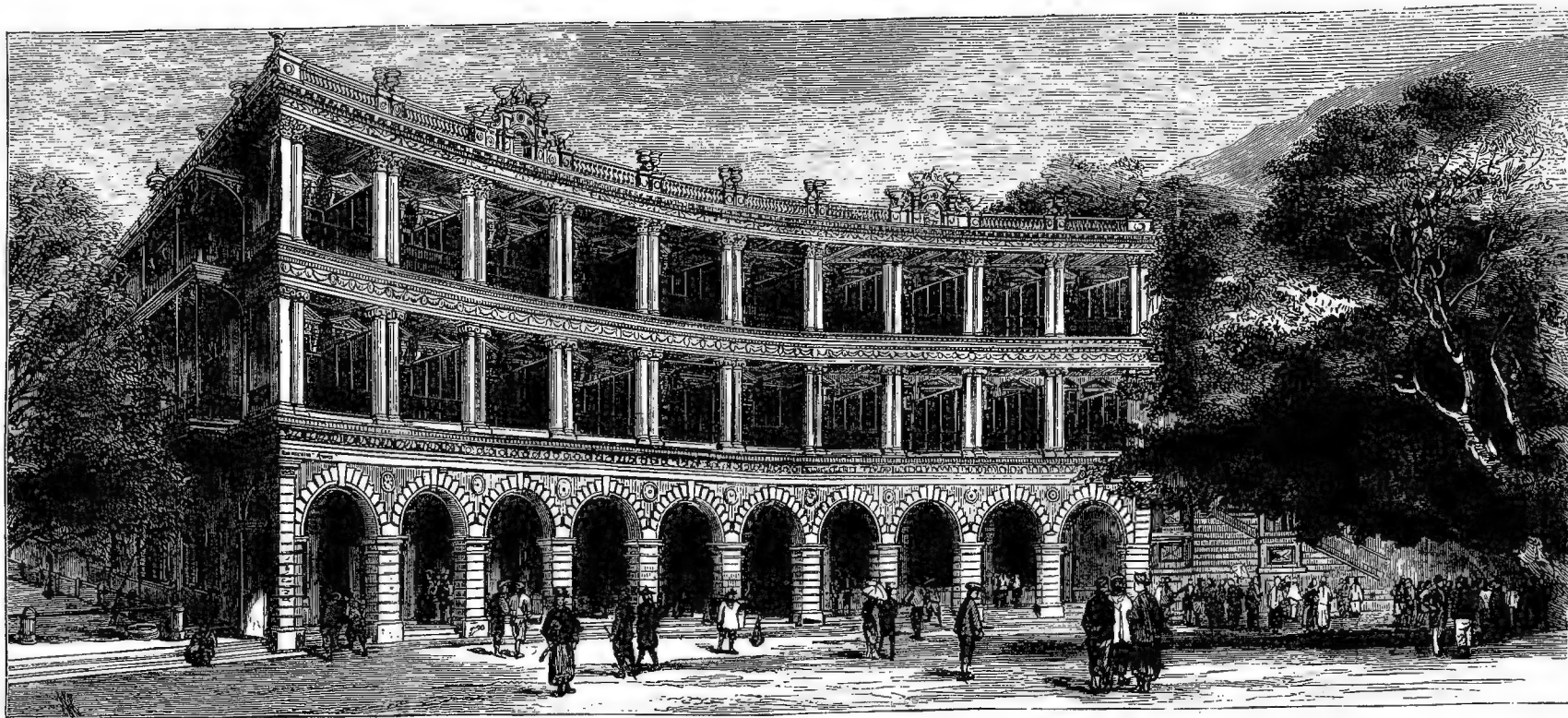
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EXHIBITION MEDALS, 1867, 1869, 1872, DUBLIN, 1865; 34 and 36, OLD BOND STREET, W.

**FLORIMEL OF PALM.**

A white and delicate hand is the first attribute of Beauty and Civilization. The hand, says Sir Charles Bell, in the *Bridgewater Treatise*, "distinguishes man from the brute; be careful of it for in polite society it is an index not only of the body but of the mind."





THE BEACONSFIELD ARCADE

glowing in colour; but the adjoining picture, "Nymph, with Pan Piping to Her," is so cracked and blurred that little of its pristine beauty remains.

By Gainsborough there is a capital half-length portrait of "William Pitt" as he appeared when a young man; the head is vivacious and, at the same time, thoughtful, and as well as the figure is painted with the combined facility and firmness that distinguish the artist's best works. The official robes, however, which hang over the chair beside him, seem to be the work of another hand. A small picture by this artist, representing "Fox Addressing the House of Commons during the Ministry of Lord North," apart from its interest as an historical record, has considerable artistic value. The burly figure of the great Whig statesman who, with energetic vehemence, seems to be denouncing the policy of his political opponents, presents a striking appearance, and the members—most of them apparently portraits—ranged on benches on either side, display great variety of character and expression. But the best and most characteristic example of Gainsborough's work is the half-length portrait of "Miss Tryon," a little girl, stated in the catalogue to be fifteen years old, but—looking much younger. The picture is exquisite in colour, and painted in the artist's most accomplished style; but its charm chiefly lies in the *naïve* expression of the pretty face and the simple unconscious grace of the attitude.

The half-length of "Thomas Grove, Esq., of Ferne," in hunting costume, by George Romney, is an excellent example of manly portraiture, remarkable for its sound and solid workmanship and the artistic way in which the masses of colour are dealt with; but the artist is seen to still greater advantage in the companion picture, "Mrs. Grove." In no work that we remember has he succeeded better in investing his subject with an air of cultivated grace and refinement.

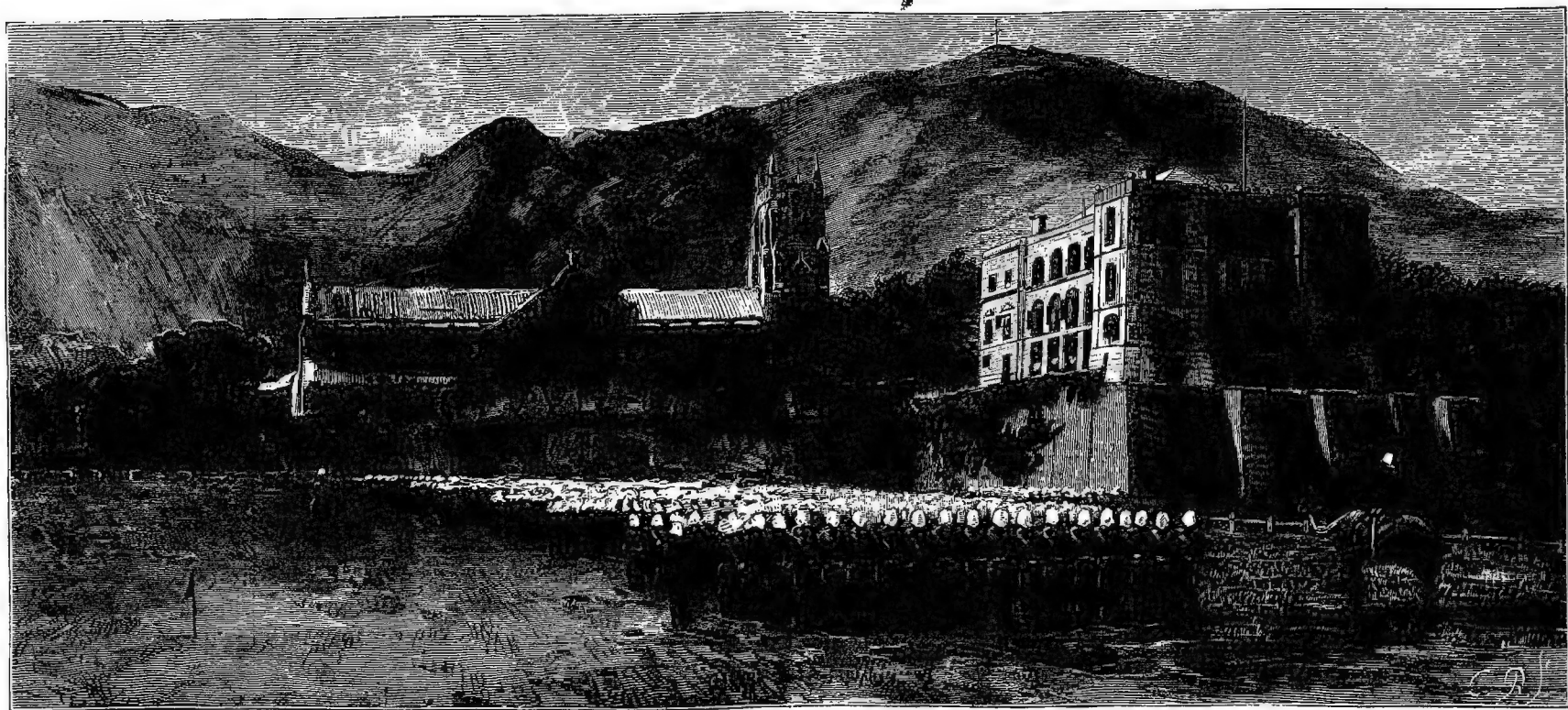
Strikingly in contrast with this serious and studied art is that which is to be seen in the two portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence, "Peter, Fifth Earl Cowper," and "Georgina, Countess Bathurst." We have seldom met with works so tawdry in colour, or so flashy and pretentious in execution. That Lawrence could on occasion do better work is shown in the simply-treated and graceful portrait of "Mrs. Lushington" which hangs near.

George Morland, who is generally known only as a faithful and vigorous painter of the realities of country life, appears here in a new character. "Domestic Happiness; or, The State of Innocence," is the comprehensive title of a series of six small pictures intended to illustrate "the progress of 'Letitia' from innocence to depravity, and subsequent penitence." The idea of telling a consecutive story in a series of pictures he probably derived from Hogarth, but the subject of his "morality" seems to have been suggested by the "Vicar of Wakefield." The small merit that these works possess is of a purely pictorial kind; some of the incidents are so ill-chosen for the purpose of telling the story that they would be incomprehensible without the description supplied, and none of them are realised with any dramatic power. The gestures of the figures are not significant, and the drawing in many cases is loose and incorrect. In some of the pictures there are good passages of colour, and the handling can readily be recognised as that of Morland, but it has little of the breadth and vigour which he subsequently developed. It should be stated that he was only twenty-three years old when these works were produced. By the great moralist and satirist, Hogarth, there is one picture painted shortly before his death. In "The Lady's Last Stake," as it is called, an officer is seen trying to lure a married lady from her duty by offering her the money, watch, and jewels that she has lost to him at cards. Unlike most of the artist's works, it is less remarkable for its expressive than its pictorial qualities; as regards artistic completeness, colour, and keeping, it leaves nothing to be wished for.

The largest picture in the room is a marine view. "Calm on the Medway" is by Sir Augustus Calcott, and probably one of his best works. The picturesque materials of the subject—the barge laden with hay, the boats crowded with figures, and the old man-of-war behind—are placed upon the canvas with a fine sense of pictorial beauty. It is well-balanced, too, in light and shade and colour, and finished in every part with conscientious care and completeness. It wants only the pervading light, the luminous quality of tone that fine colourists only can supply, and Calcott, though a good, was certainly not a great, colourist. On either side of this is a large picture by Gainsborough, "Going to Market" and "Skirts of a Wood," but neither of them can be accounted a fine example of his

power as a landscape painter. Beyond all comparison, the best landscape in the room is one by Old Crome, representing only a sandy bank, with patches of furze and a few stunted trees at the top. We have seldom met with a work so perfect in tone or so strikingly true to Nature.

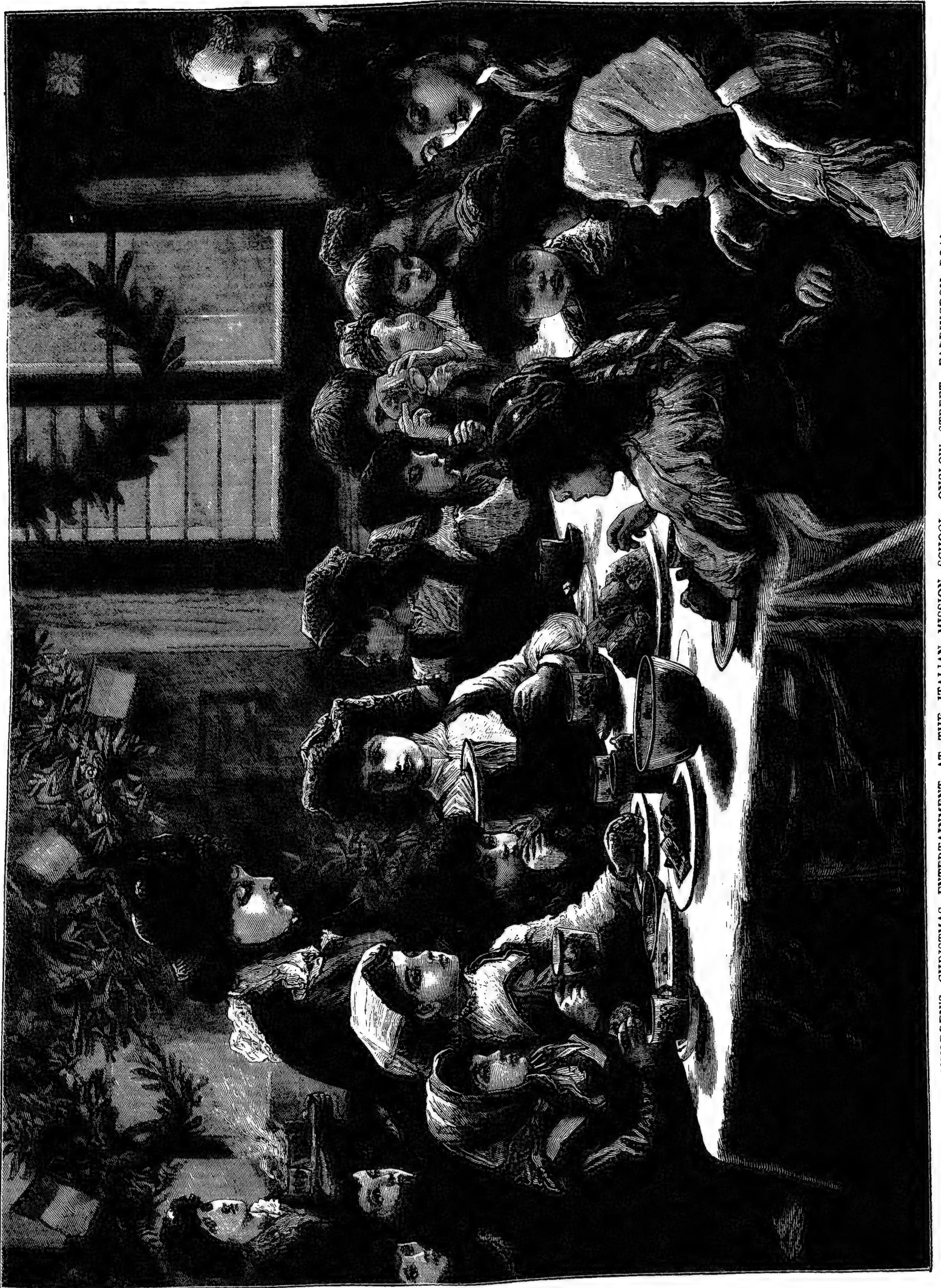
Among the miscellaneous pictures which furnish the Third Gallery are several of the English school, most of them of large size. The first we meet with is a life-sized group of portraits of three of the daughters of George III., "The Princesses Mary, Sophia, and Amelia," by John Singleton Copley. Though not very rich in colour, or very refined in style, it shows a skill in grouping and a power of working effectively on a large scale that has always been rare in English art. The three dogs in the foreground are drawn and painted with surprising vigour. This seems to have been painted as a companion to a picture of the same size by Francis Cotes, representing members of the Royal Family of the previous generation, "The Princesses Augusta and Caroline Matilda," daughters of Frederick, Prince of Wales, which occupies the opposite corner of the room. Both these pictures are lent by the Queen. Here, too, are several full-length portraits, "Colonel Ackland and Lord Sidney" shooting red deer, by Reynolds, and "Viscount and Viscountess Ligonier," by Gainsborough, all good, but not first-rate examples of the respective styles of their authors. A more agreeable work than any of them is Gainsborough's rustic group, already familiarly known by engravings, "The Wood Gatherers." The figure of the young girl is instinct with natural unsophisticated grace, and her head, and that of the child which she carries in her arms, are painted in the artist's most accomplished style. The head of the boy who sits beside her is, however, crude and commonplace, but this is the work of the restorer, not of Gainsborough. The large full-length seated portrait of "Thomas Erskine, Earl of Kellie," by Sir David Wilkie, fairly holds its place among the works of the older masters. The colour, though somewhat deficient in tone, is well arranged, and the execution broad and firm. The aged head is full of character, shrewd and penetrating in expression, and it is painted with so much realistic force that it maintains its importance in spite of the conflicting influence of the large mass of red in the robes.



ST. JOHN'S CATHEDRAL (PROTESTANT) AND BEACONSFIELD LODGE

VIEWS IN HONG KONG





A CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT AT THE ITALIAN MISSION SCHOOL, ONSLOW STREET, FARRINGTON ROAD





**AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.**—Matters are looking a little more hopefully this week, for though there is little actual news, what there is fairly favourable. At Athens the Powers are still striving to impress, and it is said with some success, upon the Greek Government that it is more to its interest to yield to the advice of the Powers than to stand upon the strict letter of the recommendation of the Berlin Conference. Indeed in a recent Circular to the French Representatives abroad, M. Barthélemy de St. Hilaire, after calling the attention of the Powers to the danger of a conflict between Turkey and Greece, remarks that Greece had announced her intention of attacking Turkey upon the plea that the Conference had awarded her Epirus and Thessaly. "This pretext," the Note continues, "is based upon an evident error," as the Conference had merely put forward a certain frontier line as a simple piece of advice, which could only become binding if accepted by both sides. As Turkey declined the European mediation came to an end. The Note goes on to say that the general peace of Europe is at stake, for if a general conflagration takes place in Turkey, Europe will be unavoidably mixed up in it. If the two parties understood their own interests they would spontaneously submit to the good intentions of Europe, and ask the Powers to take in hand the pacific solution of the question. "There is no prospect of quiet and peace unless Greece, after all that Europe has done for her, is willing to be brought to remember her obligations, and does not draw herself and the whole civilised world into the abyss which we have pointed out." This is pretty strong language from a Power which so warmly advocated the Greek cause at the Conference, and the contrast drawn in the Note between the Porte which offered to negotiate and Greece which declined to entertain the Porte's proposals, is yet more significant. Strong language, however, has also manifestly been used to the Porte, which has been plainly told that it must increase the concessions offered in the October Note. Both sides, nevertheless, are actively preparing for eventual hostilities. At Constantinople Ghazi Osman has once more been appointed War Minister, and Hobart Pasha has been created President of the Admiralty, which gives him supreme control over the whole fleet, while from Athens we hear that a Royal decree has been signed and communicated to the Chamber, by which the strength of the active army will be largely increased.

**FRANCE.**—The triennial Municipal elections, which have been looked forward to as a test of party strength, have resulted in a decided victory for the Moderate Republicans, both Irreconcilables and Reactionaries gaining no ground. This certainly shows that, notwithstanding all the cry on one side that the clergy are persecuted and the clamour on the other that Republican ideas are opposed and thwarted, the country at large completely supports and trusts the existing Government, and gives no credence to the accusations and insinuations of its enemies. In Paris, out of the fifty-seven Revolutionary candidates, nine of whom were ex-members of the Commune, none were successful; while of the fifty-three candidates of the Right, only two succeeded in carrying their seat. Most of the old members were re-elected; and though these are mainly Advanced Republicans, they are very far from being Revolutionaries. The returns from the Provinces show very decided Republican gains, though, as in some of the Paris districts, a second ballot is rendered necessary by the candidates not having secured the legal majority of votes. Owing in a great measure to this, the Assembly, which formally opened for its new Session on Tuesday, adjourned until the 20th inst. An opening speech was made in the Senate by the senior member, M. Gauthier de Rumilly, who is over eighty-eight years of age, and who in a very clear-headed and sensible manner summarised the present condition of France. After a warm advocacy of education for the artisan classes, and a justification of the dispersal of those monks who refused to apply for recognition, he strongly expressed his disappointment at the conduct of the returned Communists. These, listening to the pernicious counsels which fascinated them in 1871, "had learned and forgotten nothing." Instead of appreciating the clemency shown them, these misguided men advocated a social revolution instead of peaceful progress, and glorified the Commune as having saved the Republic. After alluding to a few minor topics of the day, he concluded by dwelling upon the prosperous state of the finances, the activity of public works, and the impotence of hostile parties daily crumbling away, the Republic having nothing to dread but its own blunders, which should be avoided by following the dictates of common sense and experience—the policy of reason, not the policy of passion.

That M. de Rumilly had good reason to congratulate France on her financial prosperity is manifested by the revenue returns for the past year. These show that while in 1879 1,400,000*l.* were taken off the taxes, and there was a surplus of 1,600,000*l.*, in 1880 duties to the extent of 1,100,000*l.* were remitted, and there was a surplus of 3,200,000*l.* This increase of income extends to nearly all the sources of revenue—noteworthy to those derived from registration duties, excisable liquors, tobacco, stamps, express trains, and the postal and telegraph services. Such solid facts as these will go farther than the most eloquent speeches to impress the country at large with the stability and popularity of the present régime.

In PARIS the returned Communists still continue to be the heroes of the hour. The advanced guard of the last detachment, with the notorious Citizen Trinquet, arrived on Saturday, being received at the station by their friends with cries of "Vive la Revolution Sociale!" "Vive Trinquet." They were taken possession of by the Socialist Committee, and the invitation of poor M. Clemenceau and his friends was declined as coming from the "Bourgeois" Committee, notwithstanding that in the former's journal, the *Justice*, Trinquet had been eulogised as a "hero." On Sunday morning the "Bourgeois" and the "Socialist" Committees fought for another detachment, the former, under the able leadership of M. Louis Blanc, proving successful that day. M. Blanc, after dining them, gave his hearers some sensible advice, calling upon them to labour for the prosperity of the Republic rather than indulge in dangerous agitation. The "Socialist" Committee, however, are of a far different opinion, and loudly cheered Citizen Trinquet when in his initiatory speech he declared that "Nothing was changed! we have everything to remodel," announced that his sufferings had in no way diminished his energy, protested his readiness to sacrifice his life for the Revolution, and called upon the electors to support their representatives if in the hour of danger "they entered on an arena other than that of discussion."—M. Theiss, one of the founders of the International, and a well-known Communist partisan, died on Monday, and his funeral on Wednesday was attended by some thousands of people, to whom M. Rochefort made a characteristic oration respecting the "Golden Book of Exile." To turn to lighter matters, the only theatrical novelty has been a dramatised version of M. Daudet's novel "Jack," which was somewhat a failure until the last act, which obtained a *succès de larmes*.

**RUSSIA.**—The latest news of the Tekke Expedition is contained in a despatch from General Skobelev, read out at a review by the Czar on Sunday. In this General Skobelev reports that Colonel Kurapine's column has effected a junction with his forces; that on the 3rd inst. the Tekkes had been dislodged from a fortified post near

Geok Tepe; and that Geok Tepe is now besieged and invested, except on the northern or desert side, by 8,000 men and fifty-eight pieces of artillery. The Russian casualties are reported to be one killed and twenty wounded. The report last week that the Russians had been defeated, with a loss of 3,000 men, was evidently greatly exaggerated, though there is little doubt but that the Russians suffered a severe check on Christmas Eve.

**GERMANY.**—The agitation against the Jews continues to be the foremost topic of the day, and a movement against the anti-Semitic campaign has been begun by the Progressists. Meetings of both parties are continually held, and a slight reaction in favour of the persecuted Israelites is appearing. Thus the Berlin Municipality have re-elected their President, who is a Jew, by 79 votes out of 120; while the University students have requested the Rector to institute a searching inquiry in order to prove that none of their body had any share in the disturbances on New Year's Eve. The Christian Liberal Club also is organising a working men's demonstration against the anti-Jewish agitation now going on amongst the poorer classes. The last movement is regarded, however, with considerable suspicion by the Conservatives and Ultramontanes.

**PRUSSIA.**—Parliament has reopened, and the much-talked-of Rhine Railway scheme has formed the chief theme of discussion. Prince Bismarck wishes to buy one of these lines for strategic purposes, so that in the event of war the transport of troops to the French frontier may be facilitated as far as possible. The Liberals opposed the measure on the ground of expense; but the Minister of War plainly told them that it was a question either of buying the railway or of laying down an extra line of rails. France, he declared, had made every effort to improve her network of railways, and it was incumbent on Germany to follow her example, and adopt every means for forwarding troops to Alsace and Metz. Prince Bismarck evidently has not forgotten M. Gambetta's threat of "*La Revanche*."

**ITALY.**—The Sicilian visit of King Humbert and the Queen has proved an unqualified success. The King and Queen have been busy inspecting the chief sights of Palermo, holding audiences, attending gala performances, being received everywhere with the most enthusiastic demonstrations of loyalty and affection. Sunday being the anniversary of King Victor Emmanuel's death, the *fêtes* were temporarily suspended, and the gala flags were draped with mourning. On Monday King Humbert received a Mission from the Bey of Tunis, which bore a letter from the Bey, presenting his respects to the King on "his visit to a part of his dominions, which was only separated by a narrow arm of the sea from the Regency of Tunis." Taken in conjunction with the railway dispute now going on between France and Italy, in Tunis, the Mission, which was headed by the Bey's nephew, Sidi Hussin Bey, is considered by many to bear more significance than appears on the surface.

**AUSTRIA.**—Another Constitutional demonstration was held at Linz on Monday, at which 2,000 peasant proprietors of Upper and Lower Austria and Styria attended. The meeting was enthusiastically loyal, and the speeches were very moderate in tone. Resolutions were adopted relating to the land tax question, the extension of the rural franchise, and the establishment of peasant associations. This is regarded as a sign by the Liberal party that the peasants are beginning to interest themselves in political matters, concerning which hitherto they have expressed but little concern.

The marriage of Crown Prince Rudolph and Princess Stéphanie has been postponed in consequence of the bride-elect's health. The Princess will not be seventeen until May 21st, soon after which the wedding will be celebrated. Prince Rudolph has now gone to stay with his betrothed. Although the Empress of Austria has given up her Irish visit on account of the disturbed state of the country, she will probably shortly spend some weeks at Combermere Abbey in Cheshire, Viscount Combermere's residence, and a good hunting centre.

**INDIA.**—An organised conspiracy has been discovered amongst the Hindoos and Mussulmans at Kolapore. According to the *Bombay Gazette*, the conspirators, who numbered some 3,000, had proposed to massacre the Europeans while at church on Sunday, November 7th, to kill the native officers, and to induce the native regiment to join them in looting the town, and raising a rebellion. For several weeks the plot remained undiscovered, and it was only by dacoities being committed for the purpose of raising funds that it was revealed to the authorities. Twenty-seven of the conspirators have been arrested, and are now being tried before the Political Officer. According to the evidence some of the Brahmins were to work charms in the temple, and incantations were performed to find certain buried treasures. The failure of these led to the dacoities being committed. The leader, Ramphat, had selected a man to personate the former Rajah, who was deposed after the Mutiny, and who died in 1867. This impostor was to be installed as ruler. The outbreak is said to have twice miscarried through accident.

The Viceroy is better, and arrived at Calcutta on Tuesday, and appears not to have suffered from the effects of his journey. He is still, however, very weak, and there was no official reception.

From Afghanistan there is little news, save that the announcement in the Queen's Speech relative to the eventual evacuation of Candahar has caused considerable excitement in that city. Either Ayoub Khan or Abdurrahman Khan is looked upon as the only possible native ruler in the present condition of affairs.

**UNITED STATES.**—Considerable attention is now being paid to the forthcoming World's Fair to be held next year in New York, and the Commission will recommend Congress to authorise the President to invite all foreign nations, and to admit exhibits duty free.

**THE REBELLION IN THE TRANSVAAL.**—The whole of the Transvaal is now in possession of the Boers, and under the authority of the Revolutionary Triumvirate, with the exception of the forts at Pretoria, at Standerton, and at Potchefstroom, and it is calculated that there are now 10,000 Boers under arms. The Boer army consists of three divisions. There is a Corps of Observation at Meek on the Natal border, a second on the Waterfall River, with headquarters at Heidelberg, and a third at Potchefstroom. Mr. Joubert is Commander-in-Chief, and is at Meek. The Boers, whose advanced position is on the Ingogo River, deny any intention of invading Natal, and it is said that their pickets spend money liberally, and fraternise freely at the stores on the border. Another account, however, states that the Boers are committing excesses on the borders, and that they have occupied Zeerust, compelling people to join them, and beating and menacing with death Mr. Moffat, the official protector of the natives. It should be said, however, that in compliance with the request of the local authorities, the Boer patrols have been withdrawn from Natal territory. In the mean time the Cape authorities are taking what steps are possible pending the arrival of reinforcements, and Sir George Colley, the Commander-in-Chief, is now at Newcastle. The most intense excitement prevails throughout the Colony, and it is thought that the Boers will fight hard, as since the massacre of the 94th they consider that they are fighting with halts round their necks. With regard to that unfortunate disaster further accounts appear to point to great cruelty on the part of the Boers. Our soldiers were evidently unarmed, while the enemy must have numbered some 1,500. A drummer boy of the 94th, who had arrived at Harismitsh with the other prisoners, gives the following account of his treatment. The troops were conducted from Heidelberg to the ford close to Frankfort. The boy says:—"On the way they knee-haltered me like a horse, with my head fastened close to my knees, as an example to my comrades what to expect if they gave trouble. In this condition I was driven over thirty miles. The road was very deep, but

the Boers gave us the choice whether we would be shot or try to get across. So we tried, and managed to get over. All our officers were shot. The colonel's hat, with five bullets in it, was left at the foot of the hill. The Boers have a band with instruments." The Boers are Cloete. The Boers receive considerable assistance from the Dutch of the Orange Free State, though officially the President has telegraphed to our Government not to believe "the malicious fabrications about the Dutch. Our State only wishes peace and prosperity for the whole of South Africa, and fervently hopes that every effort will be made without the least delay to prevent further bloodshed."

From BASUTOLAND there is little of importance. Colonel Carington is still skirmishing, and in the Transkei there has been a further capture of Tembu cattle by Commandant Frost, and Colonel Baker has been successful in his operations against Umditshwa.



**THE QUEEN** will remain in the Isle of Wight for another month, returning to Windsor about the middle of February. The Princess Louise is still staying with Her Majesty, and Sir Evelyn Wood and Capt. the Hon. Victor and Lady Montagu have also been on a visit to Osborne. On Saturday Mrs. Marcus Slade was presented to the Queen, and Lord Ronald Gower joined the Royal party at dinner. Next morning Divine Service was performed at Osborne before Her Majesty, the Princesses Louise and Beatrice, and Prince Leopold, the Rev. Teignmouth Shore officiating, and on Monday the Queen gave audience to the Earl of Kenmare, who presented the Address from the House of Lords in reply to the Royal Speech, while Prince Leopold left Osborne for town. On Tuesday afternoon Her Majesty went to Osborne Cottage to receive the ex-Empress Eugénie, to whom she has temporarily lent the house, Princess Beatrice having crossed to Portsmouth to bring back the ex-Empress in the *Alberta*.—The Court is now in mourning for the Dowager Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, elder sister of the Duchess of Cambridge, but will leave off the mourning to-morrow (Sunday).—Her Majesty has placed two fresh memorial inscriptions to the Royal dead in St. George's, Windsor. On the marble memorial to her uncle, the late King of Hanover, are the words, "Here has come to rest among his kindred, the Royal Family of England, George V., the last King of Hanover. 'Receiving a Kingdom which cannot be moved; in this light shall he see light.'" Close by in the north aisle is a brass tablet to the memory of Prince Alamayu of Abyssinia, ornamented with the Abyssinian arms of a lion, castle, and crown, and the British St. George and the Dragon, and inscribed with the dates of his birth and death, and the words, "I was a stranger, and ye took me in." The actual grave of the Prince is a few yards off, just outside the chapel.

The Prince and Princess of Wales this week have paid their long-deferred visit to Lord and Lady Aveland at Normanton Park, Rutlandshire. They arrived on Monday evening, a large party being assembled to meet them, and the Prince and other gentlemen spent Tuesday shooting over the estate. On Wednesday the Royal party drove over to Grimsthorpe Castle in four-in-hands to see Lady Willoughby d'Eresby, and next day they would visit Oakham Castle, where, in accordance with an ancient custom, a horse shoe will be demanded of the Prince, and will be hung on the Castle walls beside many other similar remembrances of Royal visits. A ball would be given last (Friday) night, and to-day the Prince and Princess leave Normanton, stopping on their way home at Burghley House to visit the Marquis and Marchioness of Exeter. The Prince of Wales will be present at a special meeting of the Alpine Club on February 1st, when Mr. Whympster will describe his ascents of Chimborazo and Cotopaxi, and next day the Prince and Princess have promised to attend a military assault of arms and gymnastic performance at the Albert Hall, in aid of the Afghan War Relief Fund.—The seventeenth birthday of Prince Albert Victor was kept last Saturday.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught concluded their visit to Lord and Lady Alington at Crichel on Saturday, and subsequently went to Eastwell Park to stay with the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duke and Duchess of Teck also joining the party. The Duke of Connaught will preside on March 6th at the anniversary dinner on behalf of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street.—Prince Leopold and Prince and Princess Christian attended the Indian Debate in the House of Lords on Monday night.

The ex-Empress Eugénie has now definitively left Camden Place, Chislehurst, and will stay in the Isle of Wight until her new home at Farnborough Hill, near Windsor, is ready.—Protestant Wurtemberg is very anxious respecting the succession to the throne. King Charles has no children, and the heir apparent, Prince William, his cousin, has just lost his only son, the baby Prince Ulrich, so that should Prince William have no other son, the succession will devolve on Duke Philip, a strict Catholic with an Austrian wife, whose children are under Jesuit training.



**THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.**—On Sunday afternoon last in Westminster Abbey, Canon Farrar delivered the second of his series of sermons in defence of the Establishment. He reviewed the relations of Church and State in the past, and maintained that at present these relations had arrived at an almost ideal state of excellence. Holding that conviction he marvelled exceedingly that Church clergymen and pious Dissenters should combine with cynics, secularists, infidels, and enemies of all piety to disestablish the Church. They might possibly succeed, but if they did so he feared that the consequences would be terrible.

**ECCLESIASTICAL PROSECUTIONS.**—On Saturday, Lord Penance as Dean of Arches passed formal judgment of deprivation against the Rev. J. B. de la Bere, Vicar of Prestbury, consequent on his refusal to obey the monition and subsequent order of suspension issued against him by the Court for practising various illegal ritualistic observances. He was likewise ordered to pay costs, and his lordship directed a copy of the sentence to be sent to the Bishop of Gloucester.—On the same day Lord Penance passed a sentence of suspension *ab officio et beneficio* for one year upon a clergyman on account of a charge of intoxication which was not denied, the defendant having been in 1877 suspended for two years by his Bishop for an isolated offence of a similar character.—The appeal cases of Mr. Dale and Mr. Enraght were resumed on Tuesday in the Court of Appeal, before Lords Justices James, Brett, and Cotton, and are still going on.

**WHAT RITUALISTS WANT.**—The Rev. J. W. Joyce, Rector of Burford, Tenbury, has sent a long letter to the Primate, suggesting to his Grace that, though it may appear presumptuous to speak on behalf of others, it is not difficult to define what remedies are



desired by "some at least of those persons who are dissatisfied with the present condition of ecclesiastical procedure." These desires he sets forth first in elaborate detail, and afterwards in a summarised form thus:—"To restore intact the ancient prerogative of our two Metropolitans of appointing each his own Provincial Judge. To correct the anomaly of an ecclesiastical Judge appointed solely by lay authority. To restore to each Diocesan his judicial powers in their integrity. To submit all cases of clergy discipline to the same procedure. To expedite and cheapen the proceedings in our ancient Ecclesiastical Courts. To provide for the proper appointment of Assessors to the Judicial Committee of Privy Council." He then goes on to say that the general charge of lawlessness raised against the clergy is unjust, for not a word could be said in excuse of a presbyter who would presume to contravene the lawful commands of his Diocesan, though the case is wholly changed when he repudiates the novel jurisdiction (in spiritual matters) which the Church has never accepted, and to which the clergy at their ordinations were never pledged.—The Dean of St. Paul's and a number of other distinguished ecclesiastics have sent to the Primate a memorial expressing a desire for a distinctly avowed policy of toleration and forbearance on the part of our ecclesiastical superiors in dealing with questions of ritual.

AT ST. VEDAST'S CHURCH the flooring is in such a broken and worn condition that the coffins in the vaults below are plainly visible through the many cracks, and a faculty has accordingly been granted for its repair.

THE "PLAY" OF "BETHLEHEM" was, says the *Morning Post*, performed last Sunday afternoon at the schools of St. Michael, Finsbury, before a large audience. The performance, which lasted three hours, consisted of ten scenes from the nativity and childhood of Our Lord, represented in dumb show by a troupe of actors, the words being "recited" by the Rev. H. D. Nihill, Vicar of St. Michael's, and appropriate hymns and carols being sung by the chorus.

REFUSING A REGISTER OF BURIAL.—On Monday, in the Queen's Bench Division, Justices Field and Grove granted a rule for a *mandamus* calling upon the Rev. Joseph Hall, Rector of Shirley, Derbyshire, to show cause why he should not enter on the register the burial of Louisa Drakefield, which was performed there in October last without the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England, and to which he made no objection, but which, it was stated, he had repeatedly refused to register.

THE REV. STEWART D. HEADLAM was on Tuesday presented with an illuminated address and testimonial, on the occasion of his leaving the district of St. Thomas, Charterhouse, for that of St. Michael's, Shoreditch. The Rev. A. H. Stanton, of St. Alban's, Holborn, was amongst those present; and letters of sympathy were read from the Primate, the Bishop of London, and Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, M.P., who was to have presided, but who was detained in the House of Commons by the expectation of a Division.

TWO SINGULAR CASES OF EXCOMMUNICATION from the Roman Catholic Church are reported this week, one from Sendomi in Spain, where it has been announced that all men, women, and children, who become the patients of homœopaths and other non-qualified medical practitioners, will be deprived of the rites of the Church; and the other from Montreal, Canada, the Bishop of which has issued an excommunication against Scribe, for writing the play of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, and against Sara Bernhardt for acting in it. Scribe being dead, and Sara Bernhardt being a Jewess, the "holy anger and pious grief" of this prelate will probably be even less effectual than was that of a certain Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims, of whom we read in *Ingoldsby*.

OBITUARY.—The deaths of two eminent Scotch ministers are announced this week. The Rev. Dr. McTaggart, of St. James's Church, Glasgow, died on Saturday, aged seventy-five; and on Sunday the Rev. James Aitken, of Hick Church, Kilmarnock, died at the age of seventy-eight.

### THE POETIC SIDE OF PIG-KILLING

A POOR friend with a musical ear whom cruel fate set down in Lincolnshire, a county more than any other fond of bacon, was throughout his first winter in the country daily exasperated by the screams of dying pigs. Every cottager in that fortunate shire had his pig, and day after day throughout the winter quarter some household killed its familiar. Vainly did our agonised friend stop his ears, like Ulysses' comrades, with cotton wool. The screams were too penetrating. Of course he foreswore pork in every shape and adopted strictly Judaic tenets. He allowed himself, indeed, mince-pies, until a neighbour informed him that the custom of the county was to mix the mince-meat with finely-chopped pork. It was grievous to be driven from his favourite dish, yet he was consistent. On the pig-killing season again coming round in the village calendar, our friend bethought himself of the succours of reason. Would not philosophy, duly invoked, come to his aid? Was pig-killing wholly Philistine? Might it not be possible to discover some light and sweetness in its horrid din—literally to make the proverbial silk purse from the sow's ear? At all events it was worth trying. The simple village custom of pigstick—well, of obtaining pork and bacon annually, was at least free from the base and mercantile aspect of the operation in America, where (as in the celebrated Chicago slaughter-houses), unsuspecting porkers by the hundred walk down a slight incline at one end of the establishment, and in a trice appear at the other end in the shape of flitches of bacon, pork pies, and sausages.

By no possible mental process could such wholesale butchery be softened. No halo of rustic comfort, no idyllic sentiment could possibly surround this gigantic slaughter-house. Yet poetry has not been forgetful of pigs. The Homeric heroes feasted on chine. Eumæus had twelve huge pigsties, in each of which snored "fifty earth-couching sows," while outside (their numbers much lessened by the appetites of the "godlike wooers" who perpetually ordered pork for dinner), were three hundred and sixty boars. The poet beautifully renders the horrid cries of the herd in one famous line (*Od. xiv. 412*), when "Unutterable was the screaming of the pigs settling down to sleep."

Homer, at all events, could find music in pigs' grunts. Nay, he did not even shrink from describing the killing of one. And experts will notice that he kills it in the way which is most recommended at present by all humane practitioners of the art, as at once stunning the creature and stopping that dreadful outcry which accompanies the rough-and-ready unscientific method of Lincolnshire villages. He makes his pig-killer stand up and smite his victim with a huge log of oak which he had cleft, and then—mark the simplicity of the epic with regard to the poor pig—"his life left him"—not a word more (*Id. 415-426*).

Nor has Virgil deemed the killing of a sow unworthy of his hero and his polished verse. We can yet hear the creature grunt in the monosyllabic ending of the line,—

*Candida per silvam cum fetu concolor albo*  
*Procuibit viridique in litore conspicitur sus.*—(*Æn. viii. 83*)

Was it that he might not be outdone by his masters that the Laureate dragged "the groaning sow" up to the college tower, as he tells the story in "Walking to the Mail?"

The possession of a pig by a rustic is found to give him self-respect and raise him above his brethren who are not so fortunate. It generally implies a small plot of potato ground, it may be a garden, and if the latter be well kept, either a stray honeysuckle or some shred of its picturesqueness attaches to the pigstye. The cottager tends the creature assiduously during the week, often

keeping his own family on short commons that the pig may be the fatter. Thanks to Education Acts he will soon be able to use his sty as a weather-glass. Before fine days, for instance, Virgil will teach him

*non ore solutus*  
*Immundi meminere sues jactare manipulos.*—(*Georg. 7. 399.*)

But Sunday brings the special pleasure which a pig can give its owner during life. At divers intervals during the day he may be seen strolling down to the sty and stroking the beast's back meditatively with a stick. When the day of its demise arrives there is unusual activity among the children in anticipation of a feast. The good wife has to bustle about, too, more than usual, and get tubs of hot water, &c., in readiness for the great event of the year. About 11 A.M. her lord and master draws near with the village worthy who kills pigs. He is frequently a retired labourer or small farmer who has enough to maintain himself in independence, and although he is not above accepting a *douceur* for his trouble he is careful to let it be known that he need not kill pigs unless he likes. Very soon the screaming begins in earnest, and this is undoubtedly and in the abstract unpleasant. In the same manner, however, that Gilbert White writes—"My musical friend, at whose house I am now visiting, has tried all the owls that are his near neighbours with a pitch-pipe set at concert-pitch and finds they all hoot in B flat," so our acquaintance has now set to work philosophically to discover the exact intonation of these last utterances of his villagers' swine. He has already found that those which have lived near a kennel of dogs develop a kind of barking while *in extremis*, though he is doubtful whether this be a case of retrogression or advance according to Darwinian principles, it being a fact that dogs in a state of nature never bark, the accomplishment belonging only to such as are domesticated and living with man. Immediately life has fled, in some counties, e.g., the Midlands and East Anglia, the pig is put into hot water and his bristles scraped off. The bottom of a brass candlestick is largely used for this purpose, the hand grasping the body of the candlestick and then rasping the hog's sides. In Oxfordshire and other parts the dead hog is never scalded but burnt. The lake dwellers had their two separate kinds of swine; are these two opposite customs survivals of a primitive ritual when the domestic gods were appeased, in one case by burning the sacred bristles, in the other by boiling them? Why, too, are the pigs which are burnt almost invariably black ones, while those scalded are white? Was one group of deities approached acceptably by the sacrifice of black pigs?

In Lincolnshire, when the pig is at length taken from the barber, he is suspended by a tackle from a moveable kind of gallows, his head being sometimes first removed and laid on the table. As the creature thus hangs, a pig and yet not a pig, a disembodied porker and yet a body with sides and hams, it is not an inspiring sight for the traveller who suddenly comes upon it in the dusk. Then ensues a season of feasting in the household, portions being good-naturedly sent to poorer neighbours, lads and lasses who are at service coming for an afternoon to have tea, hear what the pig's weight was, and taste the good things it provides. So customary is it for all to rejoice at this time that a good old Midland proverb runs of a man who has suddenly come in for a fortune—"He has killed a pig."

Such considerations have somewhat reconciled our poor friend to the common noise of his county during the winter quarter. He can now see the picturesque and poetic side of pig-killing. The custom of the Dunmow Flitch, for which the creature's death is manifestly necessary, has also a solacing effect upon his mind. A benevolent squire in another part of the country was so afflicted at the squealing of dying pigs that he offered half-a-crown to every cottager of the district who would bring his pig for the keeper to shoot, hoping thereby mercifully to abridge the animal's sufferings and his own excruciating ear-aches. The expedient was not a success. The keeper, being unused to shoot such large game, boggled in his business, nearly shot a bystander on one occasion, and on another hitting his pig in a part that was not mortal, sent him careering and screaming all over the field, much to the edification of those who upheld the old-fashioned mode of butchering. The parson of the parish, too, had like to have suffered in consequence of this new plan, as one morning, when eating breakfast, he all but swallowed the bullet with which the keeper had despatched his pig. It may be a question after all whether it be not a cruel kindness to abridge a dying pig's wailing. It seems to be his nature to make a good end of it with such voice as he can muster. He has a right to his swan-song. And when sage and mint are waiting heaped together for his embalming (although the unimaginative talk of sausages), who shall say that "the violet of a legend" cannot blow near a dead pig? By such considerations as these, then, Lincolnshire is now transformed for our poetic friend:

The isle is full of noises,  
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight.—*The Tempest.*

M. G. WATKINS



It seems quite natural, and in the due order of things, that Parliament should find itself on the very threshold of the Session knee-deep in an Irish debate. It began as promptly as possible on Thursday night on the motion for the Address. The Address is a time-honoured contrivance, born of epochs when the Commons occasionally found the necessity for offering a word in season to their Sovereign. There have been periods in English history when the Sovereign for the time being actually composed his own speech, and did not disdain to read it. In those days the Address of the Commons in reply was found a convenient opportunity for a little conversation with the King. Now the Lord Chancellor, Session after Session, commits what in Parliamentary language must be called an excursion into fiction, when he tells the Lords and Commons at the opening of the Session that he will read "the Queen's Speech in the Queen's own words." The words in the particular case now under consideration in the House of Commons are Mr. Gladstone's, and by a natural adaptation of habit it is upon Mr. Gladstone and his Ministry that criticism of hon. members is levelled. In more recent times this custom was carried to its logical conclusion by Ministers being challenged by the Leaders of the Opposition, and amendments to the Address came in the olden time from the Front Opposition Bench. In the confusion created by the fertility of parties in the present House, amendments to the Address may come from anywhere except from the Front Bench. It was thought that the Leader of the Fourth Party might in his infinite wisdom be induced to move an amendment. But Lord Randolph Churchill has not thought it expedient to adopt that course, and it is the Third Party who have taken upon themselves this constitutional duty. On Thursday night Mr. Parnell gave notice of an amendment, and was followed by two other members of his party, Mr. Justin McCarthy and Mr. Dawson.

This seems enough of Ireland to be going on with. But so boundless are the resources of members of the Legislature who are uncontrolled by the ordinary influences that maintain discipline in the House, that we have had during the week several little explosions, which have aided the main purpose of obstructing progress, and delaying the inevitable hour when the Coercion Bill should be

passed. Mr. Parnell, like a judicious general, has a great notion of bringing new talent to the front. He likes to give all his men a turn, and no considerations of bashfulness operate to prevent the fulfilment of his generous design. On Friday night Mr. O'Kelly was instrumental in wasting two hours and a half of the best period of the evening. Mr. O'Kelly has, according to the authorised record of his life, which "Dod" furnishes, seen much experience. Though yet far off forty, he has been a captain on the staff of one of the French armies, has served in the American War, and has written for the *New York Herald*. These are varied and powerful claims upon consideration. But it cannot be added that Mr. O'Kelly is a successful Parliamentary orator. His interposition on Friday was at question time. He had placed on the paper an interrogation addressed to Mr. Forster, relating to some particular action on the part of the Irish Executive. What was the question and what was the answer are of less consequence, since they too openly served as the introduction of a deliberate attempt to stop the progress of ordinary business. The fiction in these cases is that the answer from the Minister unexpectedly turning out unsatisfactory, the hon. member, in the just indignation of the moment, springs up and makes an impromptu attack. Mr. O'Kelly's varied experience has not qualified him for this kind of work. He had not the art to hide his art, but ingeniously produced from his breast pocket a bundle of notes, and proceeded to make the impromptu speech called forth by an answer just delivered by the Minister. What followed was eighteen speeches from as many Irish members, and a waste of two hours and a half of the time of the House of Commons.

Mr. Biggar manages these things better. On Monday it occurred to him to ask a vexatious question with respect to the trials now proceeding in Dublin, from reference to which other members of the House, including Mr. Parnell, studiously refrained. When he took his notice up to the table, he was informed by the Clerk that such a question would be out of order, and therefore could not appear upon the paper. Mr. Biggar took back his manuscript, and there it was supposed the matter ended. But on Tuesday, when the regular questions had been put and answered, Mr. Biggar rose, and, addressing Mr. Gladstone, put his question. The Premier, of course, knew nothing of what had taken place, and though he demurred to the irregularity of the question, answered it, because, as he explained, he thought more harm would result from the question appearing without an answer than with such a conclusive reply as he was able to give. This was a great triumph of ingenuity on the part of Mr. Biggar, though it did not appear to recommend itself to the sense of honour and good taste throughout the House generally, hon. members of all shades of politics heartily hooting the hon. member for Cavan as he stood up unabashed, and proposed to add to his original eccentricity the unpardonable sin of moving the adjournment of the House at question time.

These are the little ripples on the surface of the debate that has flowed monotonously enough. Up to this present time of writing there have been only two first-class speeches, one from the front Opposition Bench and the other from the Treasury Bench. They were not delivered by Sir Stafford Northcote and Mr. Gladstone, though both leaders addressed the House on the opening night. Sir Stafford Northcote did not rise above his ordinary level, and Mr. Gladstone, perhaps hampered by the consciousness that whilst he talked of coercion the House chiefly wanted to know about the Land Bill, did not lay himself out for a great oration. The speech of the week from the Conservative Benches has been that delivered on Monday night by Mr. Plunket. There have been times when the member for Dublin University has been heard to greater advantage. But coming as this speech did amongst a dull flow of commonplace invective, the scholarly style, frank manner, bright humour, and occasional flights of eloquence charmed the House.

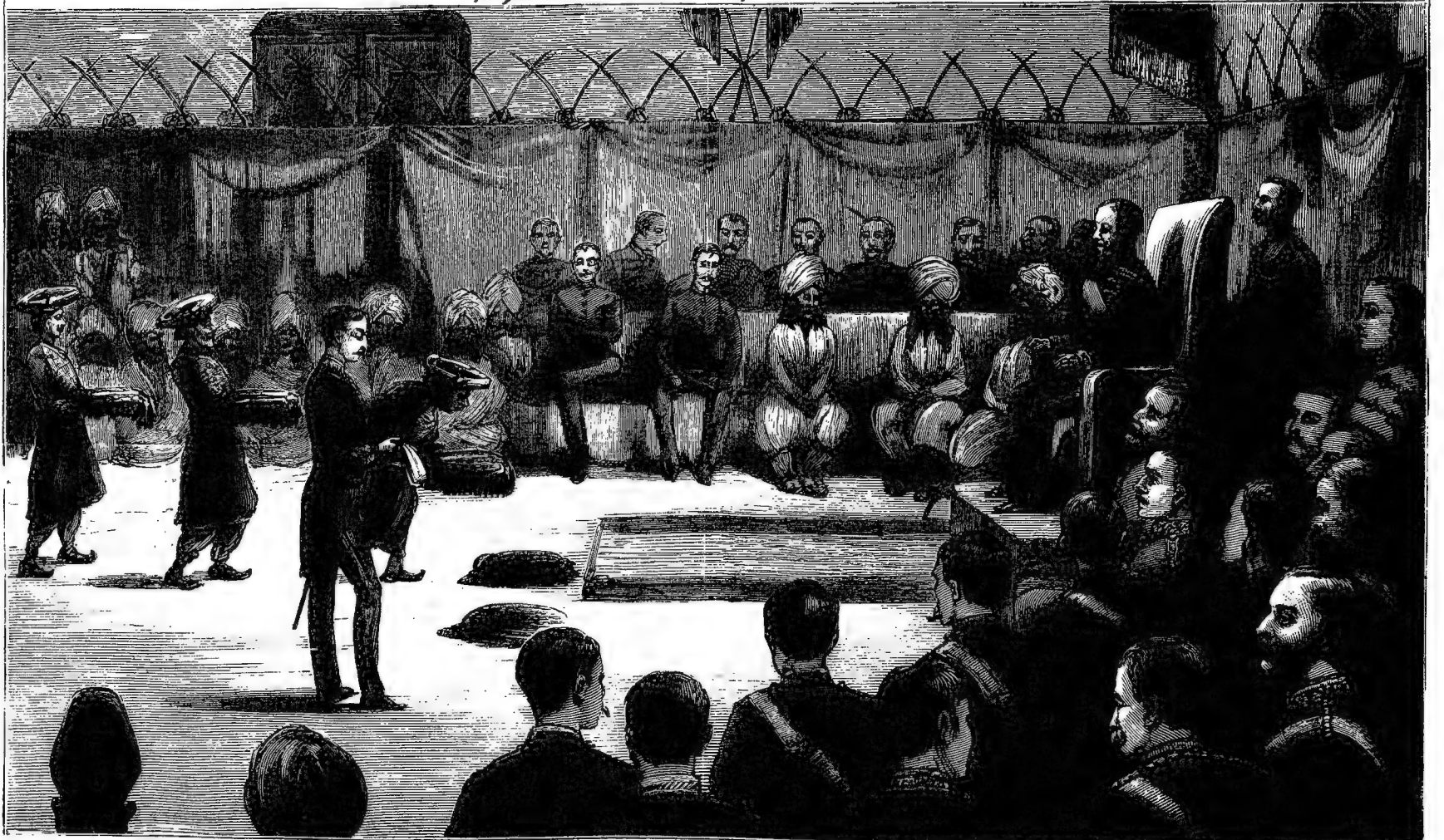
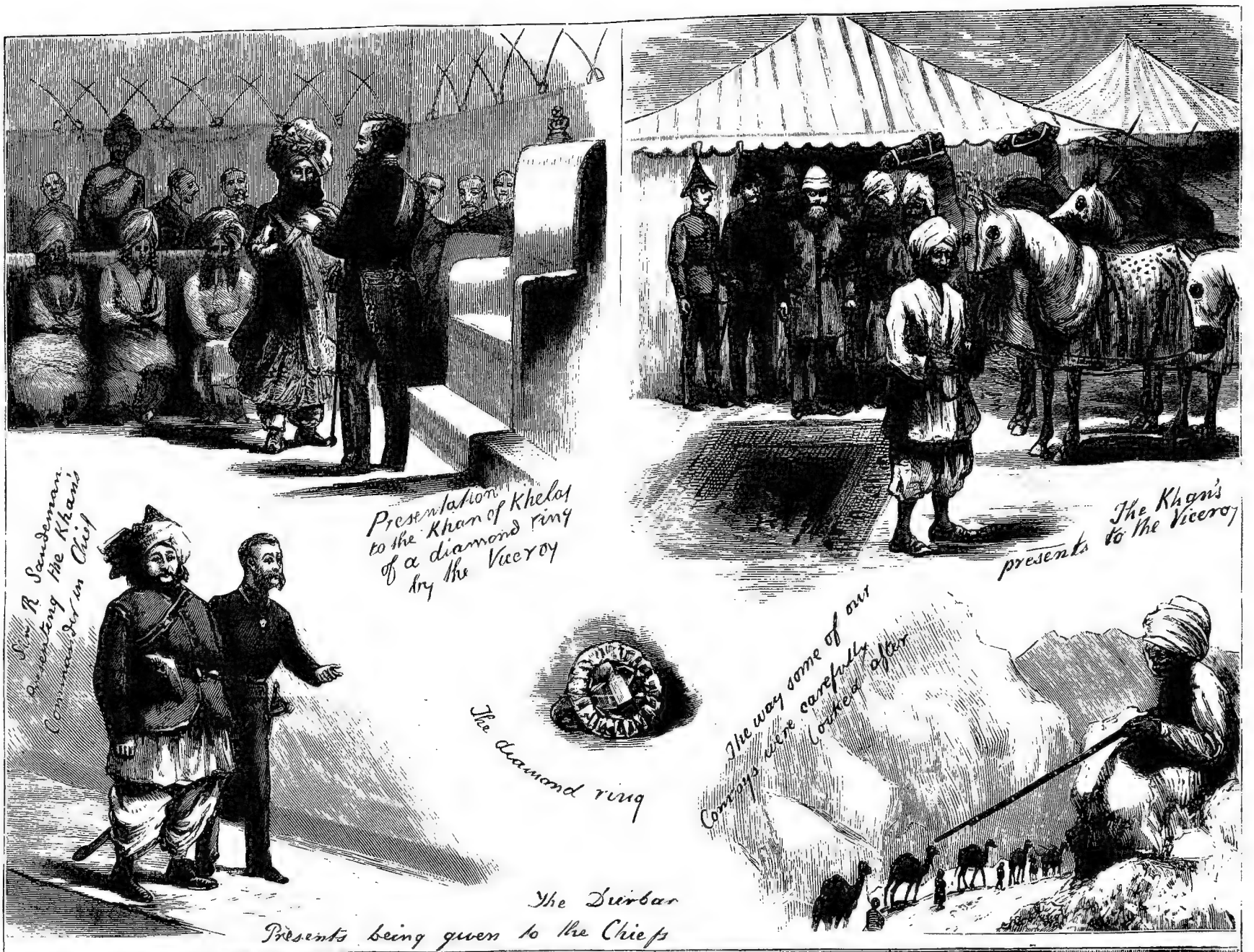
The other speech was delivered at an early hour on Wednesday morning by Lord Hartington. His lordship followed Mr. Chaplin, a somewhat curious conjunction of circumstances, seeing that in other fields the member for Mid-Lincolnshire and the Secretary of State for India are accustomed to meet on the footing of personal intimacy and common interest. Mr. Chaplin made a speech which at the outset promised to be uncommonly good, and finished by being superlatively bad. Mr. Chaplin, like Mr. Mitchell Henry, who opened the debate, is a member of the Land Commission appointed by the late Government. An extensive landowner himself, he has had special opportunities of mastering the question as it is raised in Ireland, having visited that country with the Royal Commission, and heard all the evidence forthcoming. This had so impressed his mind that he somewhat startled gentlemen near him by sketching a pretty broad and comprehensive Land Bill. But when he left this ground, and entered upon what he probably prides himself upon as being the more effective part of his speech, he sank into depth of profoundest bathos, at which the Ministerialists cruelly laughed. Lord Hartington was in great force. It is growing in the House of Commons to be the custom to refer to Lord Hartington's last speech as the best he ever delivered. This seems to imply poverty of criticism. But it is in a great measure simply true. Gaining greater confidence in himself, and secure of the approbation of the House, the sterling qualities which underlie Lord Hartington's solid manner assert themselves with increasing force. He speaks now with the confidence of a man sure of a hearing, and is fast losing that diffident, hesitating manner which marred his speeches up to a very recent period. Whatever doubt there may have existed in the public mind as to the views taken by particular Ministers on the two Government questions of the day, Lord Hartington's speech left no doubt that he has been one of the strongest advocates for coercion. His nervous denunciation of the cowardly outrages which are the fruit of the seed the Land League has sown was cheered to the echo from both sides of the House. Lord Hartington in his censure skilfully and effectively separated the Irish people from what he, amid thunderous cheers, called "the set of miscreants" who trade on agitation. Thus secure from the charge of "framing an indictment against a nation," he lustily trounced the men responsible for the unhappy condition of Ireland.

On Wednesday afternoon the debate was again resumed, but not till after a discreditable scene, in which the Irish members displayed their usual ingenuity in the way of delaying even the approach to business. The squabble was chiefly remarkable for the frank admission by one of the Parnellites, Mr. M'Coon, that he would use any legitimate method to stave off the Coercion Bill. These preliminaries took three hours and a half, leaving just two hours for the debate, which was again adjourned.



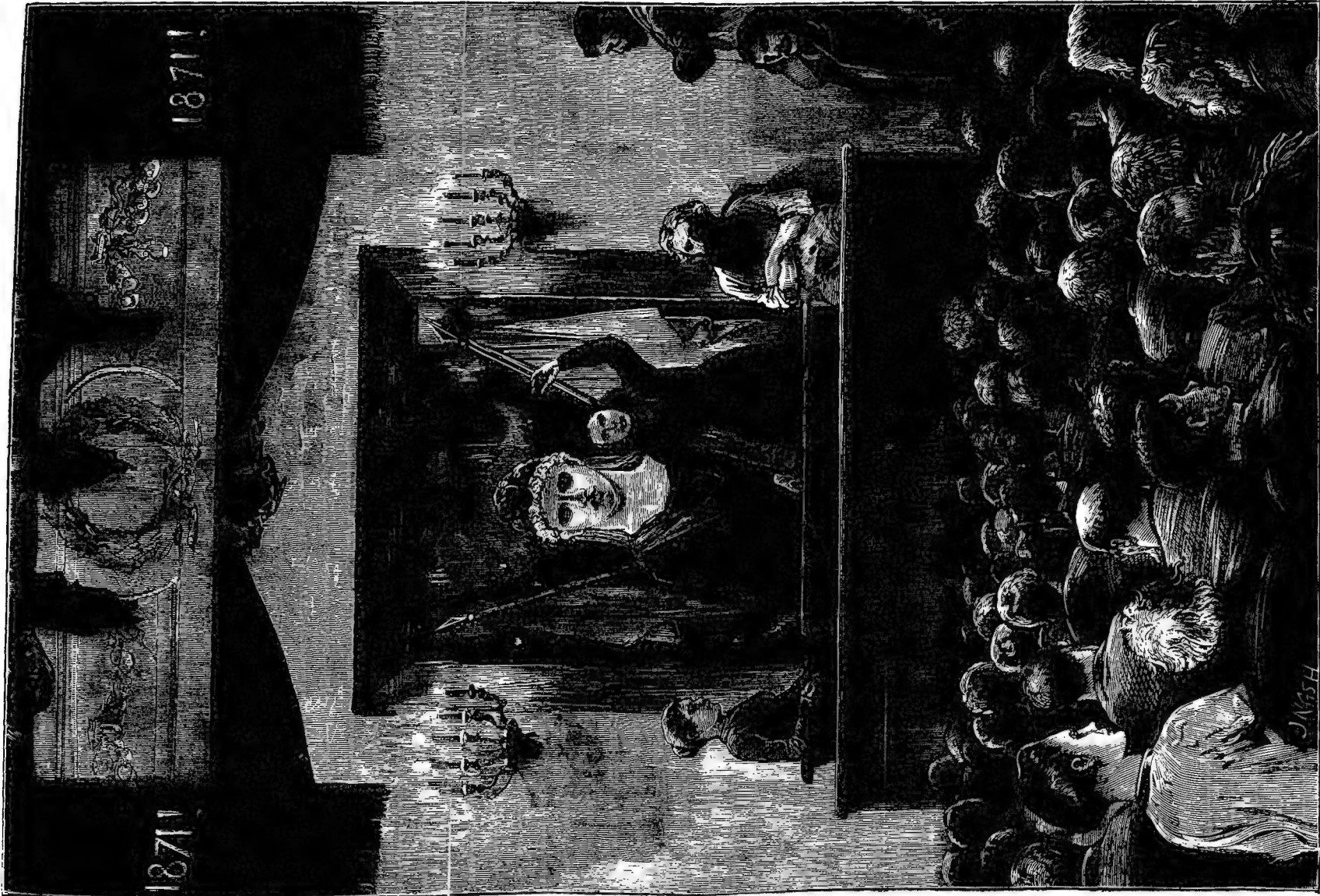
PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—At a meeting of the directors of the Philharmonic Society (Messrs. W. G. Cusins, Francesco Berger, Henry Leslie, George Mount, Charles E. Stephen, John Thomas, and T. H. Wright), on Tuesday last, the subjoined resolutions were unanimously adopted:—Six concerts to be given during the season; the orchestra, with Mr. W. G. Cusins as sole conductor, to consist of eighty performers; two rehearsals to be held instead of the traditional one (a manifest improvement); subscribers, members, and associates, as in the old time, to be admitted to rehearsals on the Wednesday preceding each concert; no member of the directorate to have any of his own works performed;





NOTES. AT AN INDIAN DURBAR — MEETING OF THE NEW VICEROY AND THE KHAN OF KHELAT AT JACOBABAD





A COMMUNISTS' MEETING IN PARIS—LOUISE MICHEL ADDRESSING THE AUDIENCE



RUSSIA—ARREST OF FOUR HUNDRED STUDENTS AT MOSCOW: MARCHING TO PRISON



the *Romeo and Juliet* of Hector Berlioz to be given in its entirety, as well as a new orchestral *suite* by Mr. F. H. Cowen, &c. Madame Albani has accepted an engagement, and M. Scharwenka is to introduce a new pianoforte concerto of his own composition. The Guarantee Fund already exceeds 1,750*l.*; Mr. Henry Hersee, who succeeds Mr. Stanley Lucas as Secretary, has subscribed a whole year's salary to the Guarantee Fund; and Dr. Francis Hueffer replaces Professor G. A. Macfarren, of the Cambridge University, as writer of the analytical programmes—so that the Wagnerian theory and doctrines will now be more fearlessly and emphatically championed. Herr Johannes Brahms did not, we learn, decline to co-operate with Mr. Cusins as conductor, but pleaded his inability to arrive in England soon enough. No such plea was advanced, however, when his absence from Cambridge, in 1877, created a disappointment only atoned for by the presence of Joseph Joachim, his fellow-created "Doctor in Music," introduced (like Herr Brahms) by Professor Macfarren. The proposition to Herr Brahms, on the part of the Philharmonic Society, we are given to understand, was made with the hearty approval and concurrence of Mr. W. G. Cusins himself.

**OBITUARY FOR 1880.**—The year 1880 robbed the musical world in Paris of three noted representatives—M. Henri Reber, symphonist and operatic composer; Edward Wolf (half German, half Frenchman), pianist and prolific writer for the instrument in the art of playing upon which he was so skilled a proficient; and Jacques Offenbach, of European repute, to say more about whom than has already been said would be superfluous. In England we have to regret Sir John Goss, precursor of Dr. Stainer, as organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, and one of our foremost composers of church-music; Mr. James Coward, for many years respected organist of the Crystal Palace; the Rev. John Curwen, chief promoter, if not absolute inventor, of the "Tonic-Sol-Fa" system of teaching how to sing at sight; Anna Caroline de Belleville Oury, a distinguished pianist in her day (wife of the violinist, Mr. Oury); Fanny Huddart (Mrs. J. Russell), a singer whom all have known and admired; Mr. Charles Coote, formerly pianist to the late Duke of Devonshire—eminent, too, as a composer and conductor of dance music; Mr. James Pearman, organist and conductor of the Dundee Choral Society; Mr. Joseph Rummell, pianist and composer of ability, for many years resident in this country; Mr. Robert Farquharson Smith, once a singer of considerable repute; Mr. W. H. Bellamy, in his earlier time a popular writer of ballads; and Charles Samuel Barker, whose name will go down to posterity as inventor of the "pneumatic" system so invaluable to organists. Among other deaths to be recorded are those of Henri Wieniawski, a violinist in certain respects unsurpassed by any contemporary; Carl August Krebs, Kapellmeister, at Dresden, husband of Aloysia Michalesi, Court singer, and father of Marie Krebs, the young and justly famous pianist; M. Jean Rémusat, among the most admirable players of his day, who at one time was leading flautist at the Grand Opéra, in Paris, at another similarly engaged in our own Royal Italian Opera, subsequently at the Théâtre Lyrique, when under the management of M. Carvalho, now director of the Paris Opéra Comique, and finally head of a sort of musical confederation at Shanghai (China), where he died at the age of sixty-five. Ole Bull, the Norwegian violinist and social economist, once styled "successor to Paganini," for a lengthened period resident in the United States of America, where he entertained the Utopian idea of founding a Norwegian Colony, and whence he returned to Europe to die in his native city, Bergen, near which he possessed an island exclusively his own property, swells the list. Other musicians of note in Italy, Spain, Germany, and elsewhere have died within the last twelve months, but we have only space to speak of one—Carl Eckert, a composer of rare ability, who at different periods occupied the post of conductor at the Viennese Imperial Opera, the Royal Opera at Berlin, and the Opéra Italien in Paris.

**BALLAD CONCERTS.**—Four new songs were included in Wednesday's programme—"The First Letter," by J. L. Molloy, "The Last Watch," by Pinsuti, "The Children of the City," and "Little Ben Lee," both by Stephen Adams. There is nothing particularly striking in any of them, but they were very effectively rendered by Miss Mary Davies, Mr. Maas, Madame Patey, and Mr. Maybrick respectively, "The Children of the City," grandly sung by Madame Patey, receiving an encore. Madame Antoinette Sterling, Miss Thorndike, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Frank Boyle were the other artists, and several well-known glees were given by the Glee Choir of the South London Choral Association with capital effect.

**THE "DAMNATION DE FAUST" OF BERLIOZ.**—This very remarkable work was again given, under the direction of Mr. Charles Hallé, on Saturday night, in St. James's Hall, before a densely thronged audience. The leading singers were (as before) Miss Mary Davies, Messrs. Edward Lloyd, Pyatt, and Santley. The performance was in all respects first rate, chorus, orchestra, and "principals" vying with each other in producing an irreproachable ensemble. The work, enjoyed more keenly than ever, was received with the same applause, and the usual pieces (the "March" and the "Dream") were unanimously encored. *Faust* is to be repeated on Saturday, the 29th inst., and in all likelihood will be followed by *L'Enfance de Christ* of the same composer, which the indefatigable Mr. Hallé has already produced at his head-quarters in Free Trade Hall, Manchester.

**POPULAR CONCERTS.**—The return of Mdle. Marie Krebs adds another brilliant and legitimate attraction to an important department in the programmes of these excellent concerts. That Mdle. Krebs is just now one of the most expert and accomplished pianists is unanimously agreed; and on the present occasion her execution of Beethoven's very fine and very difficult sonata in C (Op. 53), dedicated to his friend and patron, Count Waldstein, had there been any doubt, would have at once established her position. The applause awarded to Mdle. Krebs for this remarkable display in no way exceeded her deserts. After being twice recalled she took her seat again at the pianoforte, and played the second of Mendelssohn's three "Posthumous" Studies—the velocitous *moto perpetuo* in F major. The lovely and impassioned Quintet in G minor of Mozart, with the light and melodious Serenade in D major of Beethoven, both for stringed instruments, gave ample opportunity for Madame Néruda, Messrs. Ries, Straus, Zerbini, and Piatti in the first, and for three out of the five of these artists (Néruda, Piatti, and Straus) in the last, to exhibit their skill to the highest advantage. An Italian *aria* by Haydn, and "A Lonely Arab Maid," from Weber's *Olcron*, were sung with true expression by Miss Hope Glenn, one of the most talented and promising of our young native vocalists.

**WAIFS.**—"Report" states that Arigo Boito, author and composer of *Meftistofele*, is writing a new libretto for Verdi's almost forgotten opera, *Simone Boccanegra*, that he is also engaged upon a biography of the renowned Busettese musician, that he spends his leisure hours upon an oratorio, a symphony, and a quartet (instruments not stated), and in fact that he is busily occupied in several other undertakings. If half of all this be true it must be admitted that Signor Boito is a man out of the common pale.—Madame Valleria, all amateurs of the opera will be pleased to know, is completely restored to health. What with her three Margarets (Gounod, Boito, and last, but not least, Berlioz), and other laborious work in hand, she has been put by Mr. Mapleson, at New York, to a task almost above her strength. The New York season was brought to an end with a performance of Donizetti's *Lucia*, the leading parts sustained by Madame Etelka Gerster, Signors Campanini and Galassi. It has been very successful. The Opera Company have been recently playing at Boston, with similar results.—Mr. F. H. Cowen's

new symphony in C minor is to be performed on the 27th inst., at the Manchester Concerts, Free Trade Hall, under the direction of Mr. Charles Hallé, and at the Crystal Palace Concerts, under that of Mr. August Manns, on the 2nd of April. This is as it should be.—Bottessini, the great master of the double bass (so well known in England) is composing an opera, *La Caduta di un Angelo*.—Florence has started another literary and art journal, under the questionable title of *Fra Diavolo*.—Madrid, besides a new theatre (Teatro de Madrid), has also given to the world an art periodical, entitled *La Correspondencia Musical*.—According to Paloschi's *Almanacco Musicale*, no fewer than 40,000 operas have been publicly performed since the year 1600, 11,000 of which are Italian.—At Milan an Italian Operatic Company is being organised expressly for Constantinople. — At the next performance of the Sacred Harmonic Society, in St. James's Hall, the programme will include Handel's Coronation Anthem, "The King shall rejoice," Cherubini's superb "Requiem Mass" in C minor, and Mendelssohn's music to *Athalie*, (which should have been placed first). "The King shall rejoice" would have wound up the whole with far better effect—and this without detriment to the magnificent music to Racine's sacred drama by the greatest musician since Beethoven.



**IRISH LAND AND RENTS.**—Fixity of tenure as a proposal is open in the very beginning of things to the objection that there is no good reason for supposing that the Irish tenant would be more ready to pay a rent-charge than he is to pay rent. It does seem, however, that if the Government did so much for the tenant as to take from the landlord his land and give him merely a rent-charge, the same Administration might at least be expected to guarantee the landlord in that rent-charge. The value of a rent-charge guaranteed by Government would be of such a character as to compensate many, perhaps most, landlords for the loss of right of ejecting old tenants, a task which is never pleasant, and which to many men of sensitive nature must be a cause of positive pain.

**THE WILD BIRDS' PROTECTION ACT**, which we referred to when it was before Parliament, came into operation at the beginning of the year. There are two penalties, 5*s.* and 25*s.*, and a curious schedule—apparently not prepared by an ornithologist—is annexed to the Bill. It is amiably intentioned, but we do not look for much practical good. The fines are not heavy enough, while a good reward to the informer, to be paid out of the delinquent's pocket, would convert every labourer's boy in the country into a guardian of the Act. We are a great people and a law-abiding people, but, after all, those of our laws are best observed the guardianship of which can be made to pay.

**SURREY RAILWAYS.**—New lines are to be made between Guildford and Leatherhead, and between Surbiton and Cobham. There are other schemes on foot, noticeably for railways from Fulham to Guildford, from Guildford to Bookham, and from Bookham to Ashted, where the Epsom and Leatherhead Company already have a station. Holders of estates in West and Mid-Surrey should look about them, and, amidst the contending claims of railway companies, see that their interests are not confiscated, or, to use a milder term, say overlooked.

**EPHING FOREST** is threatened by a proposed Extension of the Great Eastern Railway, which Company wish to make sidings, build a station, and construct a new line. It is stated that these proceedings are in the interest of the East End poor who want to reach "the Forest." If we remember rightly, however, we once visited "the Forest" with a Civic Deputation. We travelled by railway very comfortably, and on our arrival there remained a short distance which many of us preferred to walk, although carriages had been provided. We may be mistaken, but it is our impression that ample railway facilities for reaching Epping Forest already exist. If so, then we hope that the proposals of the Great Eastern Company will not obtain a Parliamentary sanction.

**MILK FOR THE POOR.**—The idea of lending cows to working families does not sound very practical, but as Mr. Turnbull, who has tried the scheme, professes to have had considerable practical experience of its successful working, the notion may haply have more in it than would appear at first sight. Mr. Turnbull considers that a company with a capital of 250,000*l.* could supply 20,000 cottagers, each with a cow, and make a fair dividend on annual lettings at from 4*l.* to 5*l.* per annum, or say 2*s.* per week. The system might be worked in another manner. Let farmers endeavour by co-operation to establish dairy-shops in villages where the poor could buy milk cheaply and in good quantities. We believe the enterprise would pay, especially when we remember the number of children in many working families.

**VETERINARY STUDENTS** are either few in number, or backward in their work, or too aristocratic to care for gold medals and 20*l.* prizes. From these three courses of opinion we are forced to make a choice by the recent examination of the Royal Agricultural Society which for three prizes had six competitors at the examination held on Wednesday week. If things go on in such a manner, the next trial is likely to be a "walk over," or outsiders may read up a textbook or two and "rush" the examination.

**GLOUCESTERSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.**—At the next Annual Show of this Society, to be held at Cirencester, special prizes will be offered for the exclusive competition of tenant farmers. The chief prize of the meeting will be a Challenge Cup, value fifty guineas, for the best beast in the Show, irrespective of breed. The Cup is offered this year for the first time, and its donor is Mr. T. H. Chance, of Gloucester.

**CATTLE DISEASE** is spreading in Oxfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Leicestershire, and the Midlands generally; but its severity is abating a little in the Eastern counties. It is rather bad in the home district. The Privy Council have acted with energy and promptitude, but it were desirable that the importation of foreign cattle should be more strictly looked to than it yet is.

**THE BRITISH DAIRY FARMERS' ASSOCIATION** will probably hold their next exhibition somewhere else than at the Agricultural Hall. The Islington authorities will not allow the show to be held within fifty-six days of the opening of the Cattle Show, and as this would in various ways cripple the Dairy Show, the Association will make efforts to secure another place. We do not know if a Dairy Exhibition is possible at the Westminster Aquarium, or if a temporary place could be made upon vacant ground by the Thames Embankment; but, should the Association succeed in getting a place of exhibition within a mile of Charing Cross, the change from the North of London would we believe increase and not diminish the success of a very important and useful body.

**FLUKE IN SHEEP.**—A correspondent says, "I consider the immediate cause of fluke to be the absence of a sufficient amount of salt in the herbage occurring in marsh and wet districts." The idea involved in this is that the chlorine of salt is necessary for digestion being healthily carried on, while the sodium is equally necessary for the due formation of bile. If there is an insufficiency of salt, there is not enough bile formed to digest fat. The origin of parasites or rather of the flounder-shaped living organisms that abound in the livers of fluky sheep does not, however, seem to be satisfactorily accounted for on the above hypotheses.

**IRISH CATTLE.**—Notwithstanding all the agitation going on in Ireland, the cattle-trade returns for the year show an improvement. Of cattle, during 1880, 717,171 were exported; of sheep 711,491. But for a diminution in the demand for pigs, the figures of 1880 would have exceeded those of the four preceding years. As it is, an increase of 50,000 is shown from 1879. The chief shipping ports have been Dublin, Cork, Waterford, Londonderry, Larne, Drogheda, Dundalk, Belfast, Greenore, and Newry—about in order named.

**HORSES.**—Demand appears to be picking up a little, and heavy horses are now held for a good price. At a recent sale at Preston several fine carriage horses fetched 150*l.* and 160*l.*, while heavy horses for draught purposes made 100*l.* and 120*l.* There is plenty of encouragement for horse breeders, and we should be glad to see farmers of suitable land turning their attention to the matter. While on the subject of horses we may enter a protest against the extremely high prices for conveyance asked by the railway companies. Railway directors seem to go on the principle that all horse owners must be rich men, and that all rich men must be indifferent to their charges. In both respects the companies are mistaken.

**FLORA.**—The first primrose of the year was gathered by a lady at Tollington, in West Sussex, on New Year's morning. There were primroses in the bloom in the woods near Chichester on Christmas Day, so that early flowers are sent to compensate us for the remarkable absence of every sort of bright coloured berry on holly hedge, and wild rosebush, and spindle tree.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—The new year opens with reduced grain stocks at most of the leading ports. Reserves of corn at Liverpool are extraordinarily low.—The rainfall of 1880 exceeded thirty inches in nearly all English counties, but in Sussex and East Kent we understand it did not surpass the decennial average. It was very heavy in East Anglia.



**PENDING JUDICIAL CHANGES.**—The Order in Council relative to the proposed judicial changes has been laid before Parliament, and will take effect in thirty days, unless, meanwhile, either House should present an address in opposition to it to Her Majesty. That it will at least become the subject of a debate seems highly probable, seeing that on Tuesday a question was put to Mr. Gladstone on the subject, and that it is rumoured that Sir H. Giffard, Mr. C. Russell, and other well-known lawyers, are getting up a memorial to the Attorney-General asking him to call a meeting of the Bar, with the object of memorialising Parliament against the abolition of the Chief-Justiceships of the Exchequer and Common Pleas Division.

**TRIALS IN ABSENTIA.**—The *Law Times* explains that Mr. Parnell and his fellow traversers are strictly within their legal right in absenting themselves from the Four Courts, Dublin, during the proceedings against them, as, though a prisoner charged with felony is bound to attend, one charged with misdemeanour is not. They must, however, appear to receive sentence, in the event of the verdict going against them, and meanwhile they are of course bound to do nothing which would prejudice the fair trial.

**FIGHTING BY PROXY** is certainly a cowardly and reprehensible practice, and Messrs. Hume and Hipwell are therefore to be congratulated on their acquittal by a jury of having incited a "heavy-weight pugilist" to assault and "disfigure the features" of a person with whom they had quarrelled, and who indeed is said to have violently assaulted one of them. The fighting man had, it appeared, been engaged by them simply as a protector against a possible repetition of this assault; and, after a vain attempt to extort money from them, had given the police an account of the affair highly embellished with imaginary details as to the employment of "knuckle-dusters," life-preservers, &c.

**THE HULL SCHOOL BOARD** have been ordered to pay 100*l.* compensation to the parents of a boy whose sight has been injured by a steel pen dropping into his eye from behind the ear of a pupil-teacher. The case was decided by the Recorder, who assessed the damages, and held that the authorities were liable under the Masters and Servants Act.

**TWO TURKISH LADIES** were the other day charged at Marlborough Street with attempting to steal money from a jeweller's shop; and their appearance in the costume of their country created some excitement in Court. It was shown that, after selecting some jewellery, one of them passed round the counter and put her hand into the till; but the defence was that this was only done in order to show the shopman how much change they expected to receive out of a twenty-dollar piece. They were remanded, and when again brought up the prosecutor did not appear; and Mr. Mansfield discharged them, remarking that no jury would convict on such evidence.

**THE LEEDS RAILWAY ACCIDENT.**—The charge of manslaughter against the two shunters has been dismissed by Mr. Bruce, the Leeds Stipendiary Magistrate, but Marriott, the signalman, has been committed for trial at the Assizes, bail being allowed.

**VIOLENT OUTRAGES** are occasionally perpetrated in England as well as Ireland. One night, last week, a tradesman, residing in a village near Preston, was attacked while driving homewards along a lonely road by two men, who fired two shots at him, fortunately without effect.—On Tuesday a similar outrage was reported in the same neighbourhood, a Mr. Kellett telling the police that he had been attacked by two men, one of whom stopped his horse, whilst the other knocked him from the cart into the road, where he was found insensible. He however subsequently stated that his fall from the vehicle was the result of an accident, and that his first account of the affair was given while in a confused state of mind with the story of the recent outrage fresh in his memory.—At Tipton, Staffordshire, an ironworker, named Burgess, is in custody for having attempted to blow up his father's house by throwing a barrel of gunpowder on the fire. His mother snatched it from him and threw it into the canal; but one of his sisters was so frightened that she is not expected to live.

**THE ATTEMPT TO POISON** a Shropshire land agent and his family still remains an unexplained mystery; the man who a few days ago gave himself up to the Birmingham Police, alleging that he had been concerned in the crime, having since retracted his confession, and been discharged from custody, no evidence against him being forthcoming.

**MENDICANCY** would seem to be a very profitable calling, if we are to believe a statement made by a prison warder at the Surrey Sessions, last week, during the trial of a young man on a charge of vagrancy, to the effect that the prisoner had told him that he thought it "a bad day's work when he did not get 23*s.* a day and a belly-full of drink." The fellow was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour and twenty strokes of the birch-rod; a richly-deserved punishment, though we are at a loss to conceive under what Act the latter part of it was imposed.—At Lambeth Police Court the other day another vagrant, who had sought to stimulate the charity of passers-by by pretending to have a fit, and causing froth to come from his mouth by the old dodge of sucking a piece of soap, was sentenced to a month's hard labour.



JAN. 15, 1881

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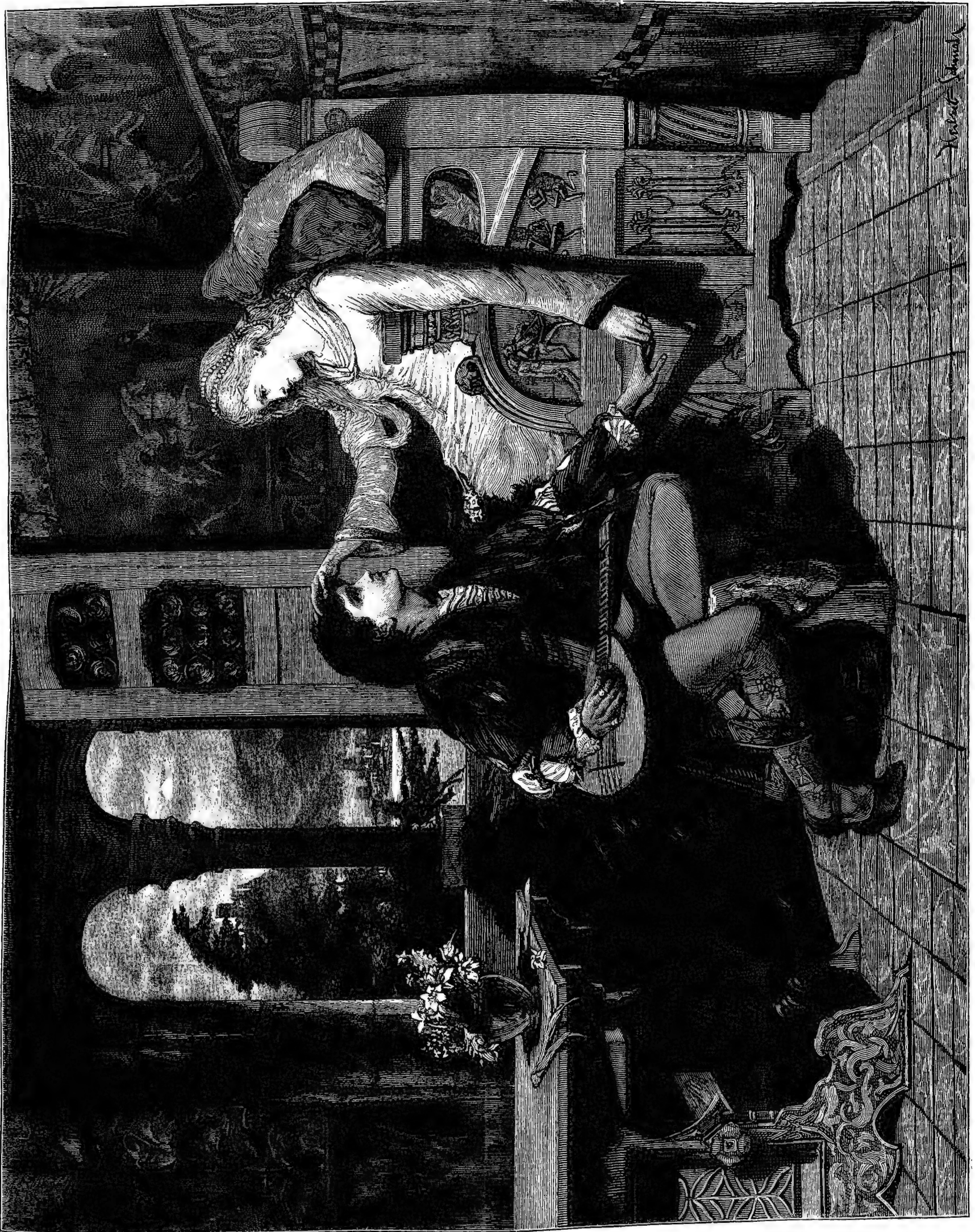
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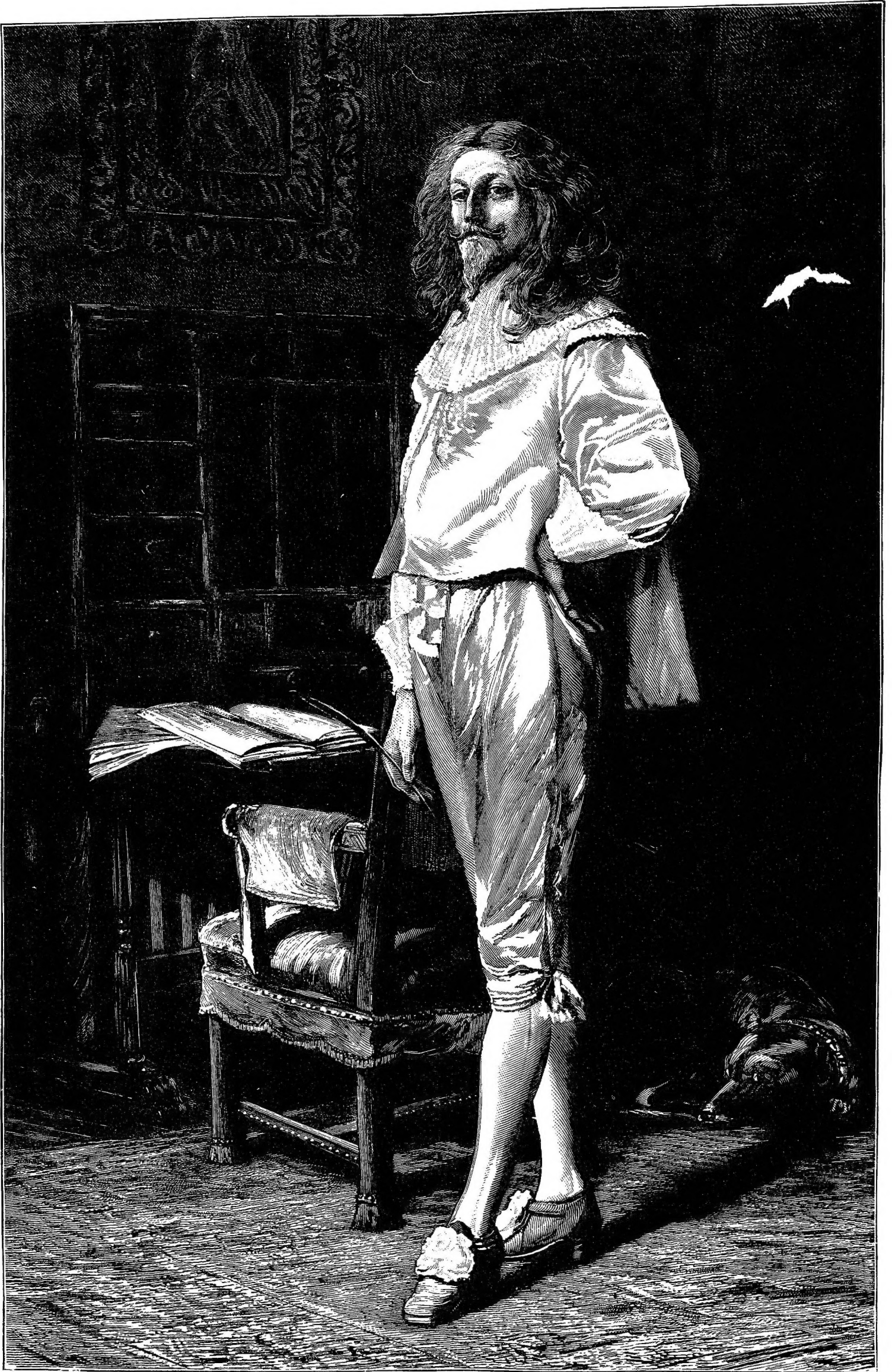
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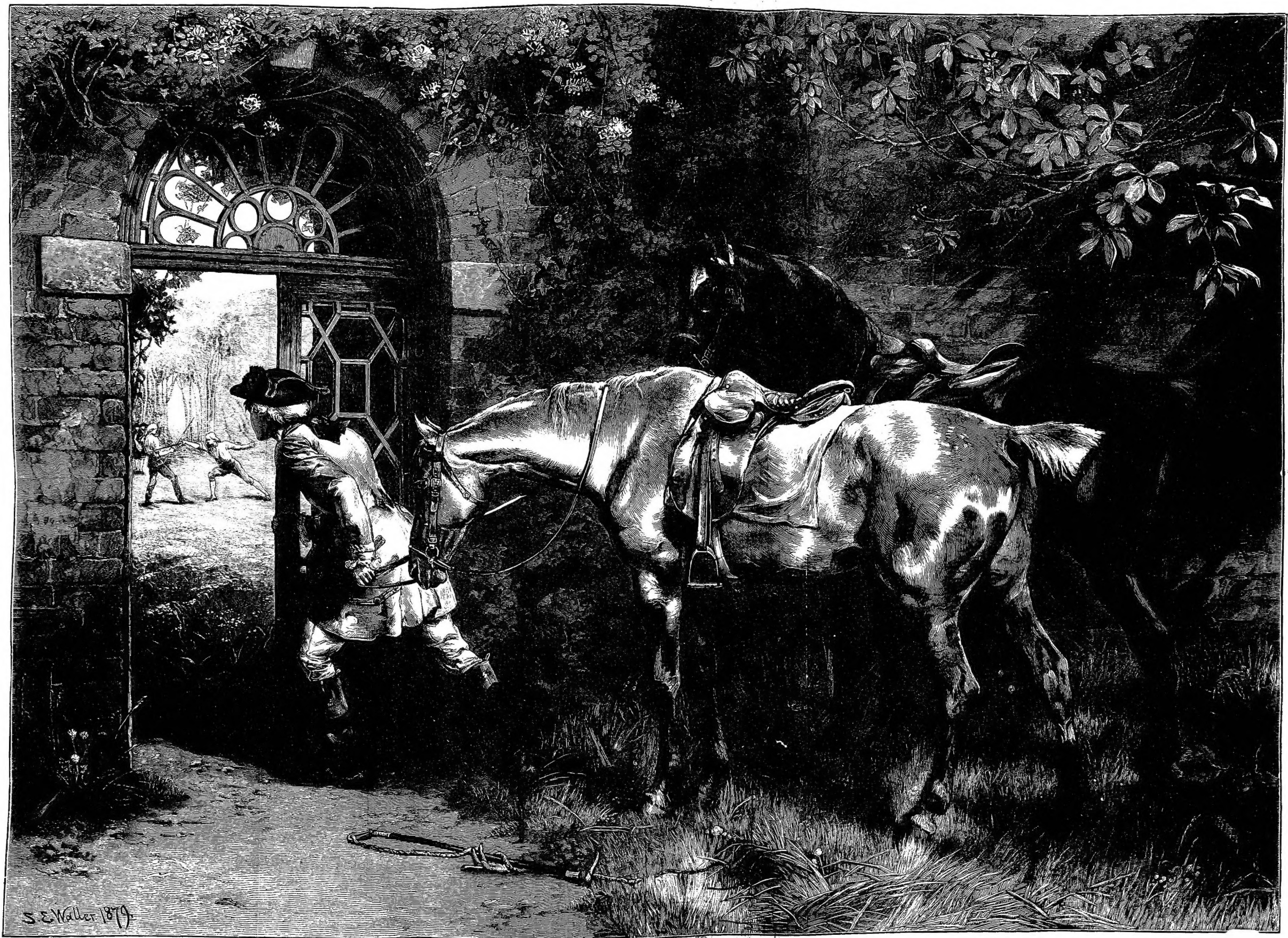




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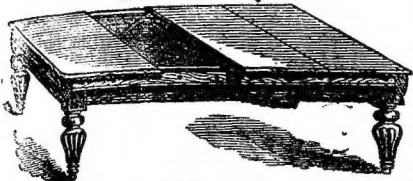


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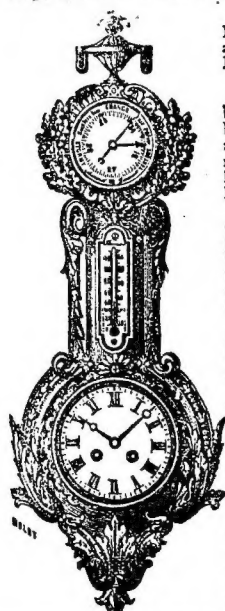
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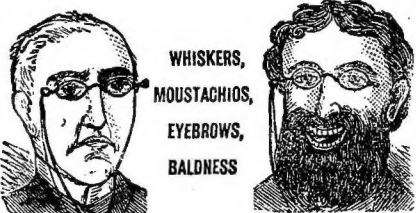
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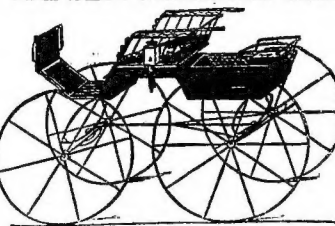
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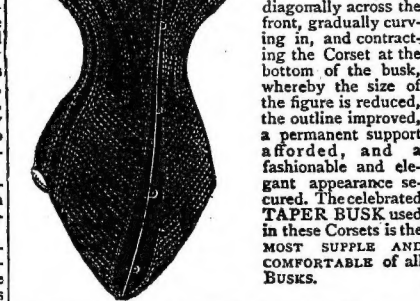
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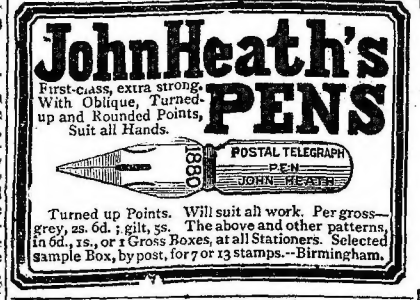
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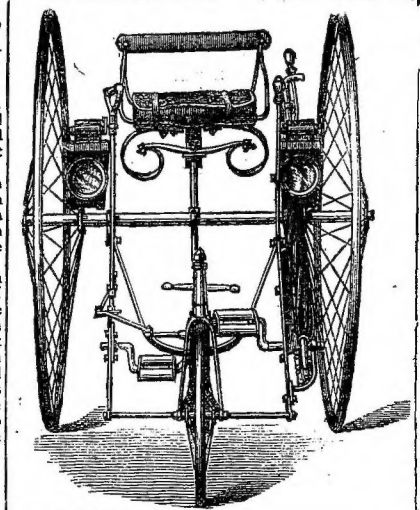
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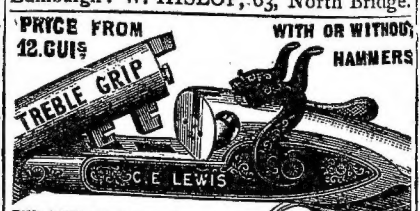


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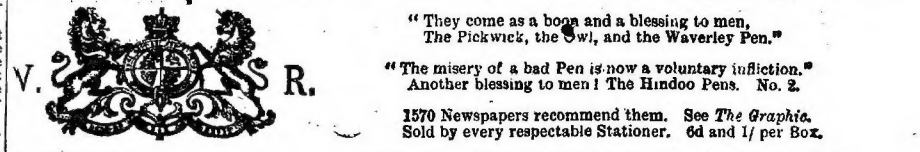
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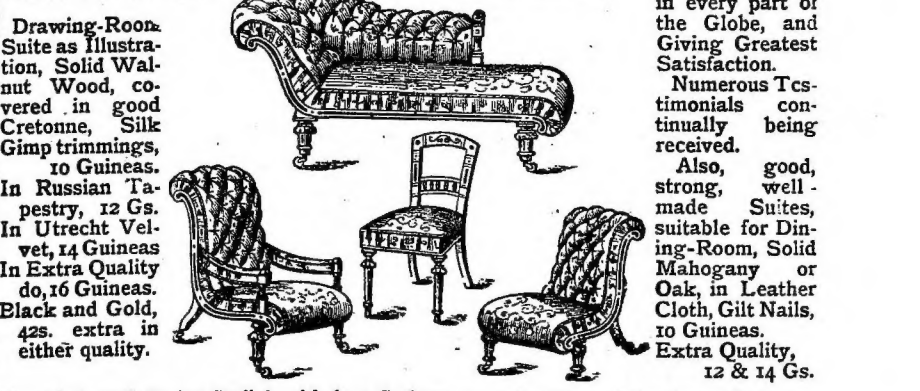
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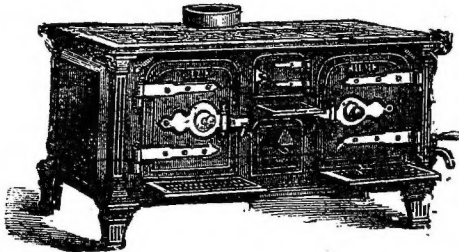


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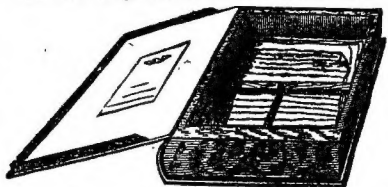
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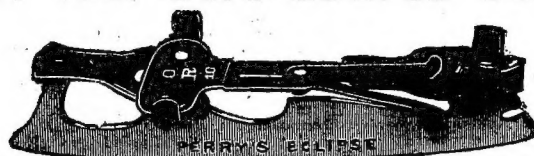
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